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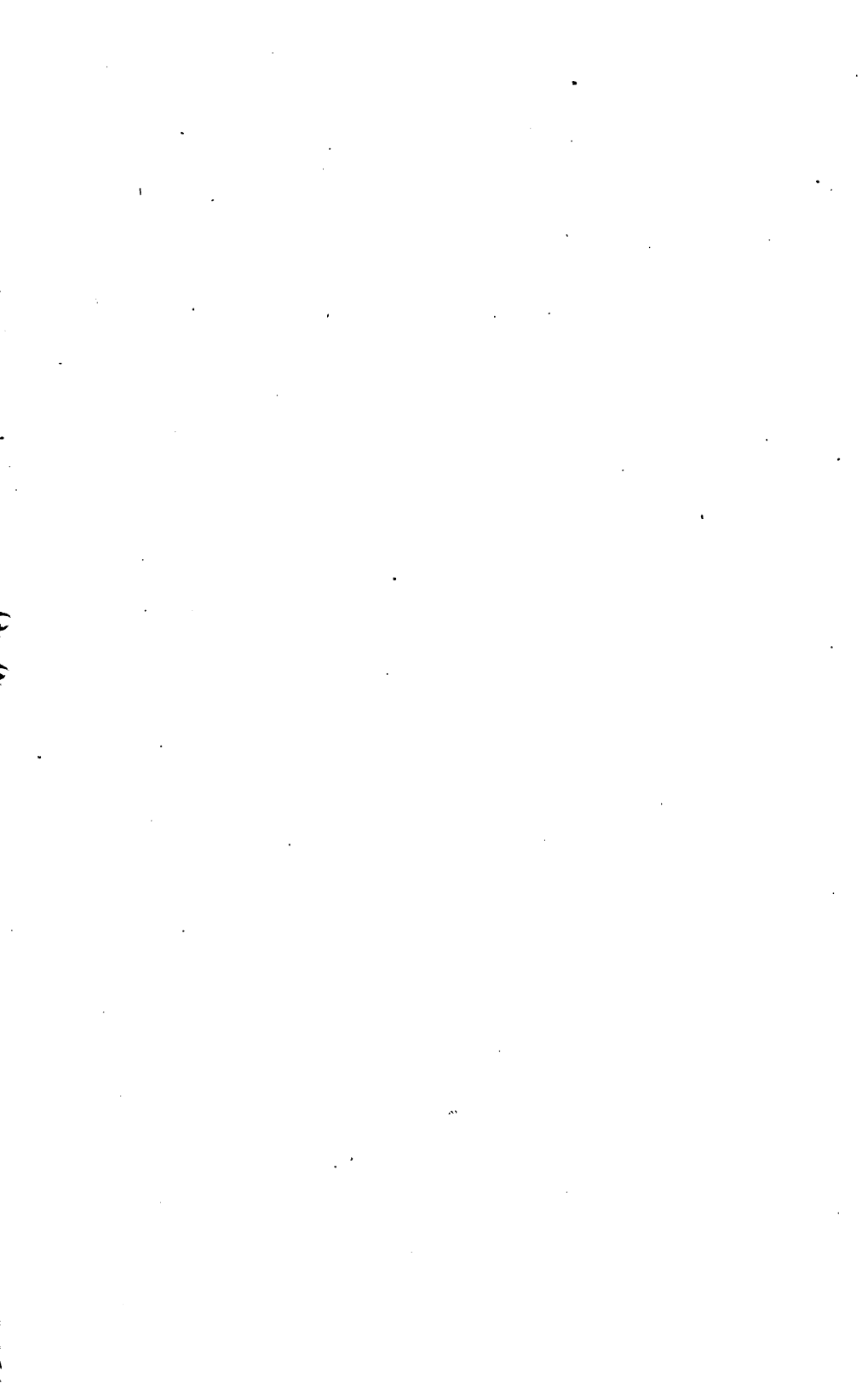
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N. J. Ray Curtis

ANGEL WHISPERINGS

FOR THE
SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH

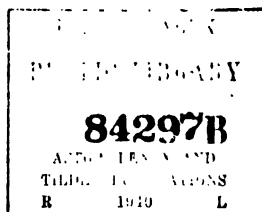
BY HATTIE J. RAY

Angels of beauty are hovering above
Earth's weary children, on missions of love;
Silent the wave of their snowy-white wings,
Welcome the voice of their sweet whisperings.

CHICAGO:
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1889.

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HARRIET J. CURTIS
1889

PREFACE.

This volume of bright gems of thought is presented to the public that all may be benefited through the inspiration that may come to them through its perusal.

The Poems contained in this volume are Angel Whisperings, in very deed, and are destined to elevate the thoughts and bring sunshine into the hearts of the multitude.

The *Combination* has sought to draw from each the inspiration that is within them, and is developed in some degree in every soul, and we feel that in the variety all may find the good they seek.

J. W. E.



DEDICATED
TO OUR
DEAR SISTER ELIZA

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ANGEL WHISPERINGS.

INVOCATION.

Father, when our souls are weary
With life's burdens and its cares ;
When we fain would leave the conflict,
Rise above earth's cruel snares—
Then, oh! give us strength to battle,
Robe our souls with force anew,
Guide us, oh! our Father, guide us,
As we still the path pursue !

When the angry waves are rolling,
Dashing rudely o'er the soul,
Stay, oh! stay the troubled waters
With thy loving, sweet control ;
And may we, from out the silence
Which is filled with strains sublime,
Catch the soul-inspiring echo
Wafted from the heavenly clime.

Give us courage when we falter
In the Valley of Despond ;
May our vision view the sunbeams
From the realm that lies beyond ;
When our hearts are bowed with sadness,
And the clouds of doubt are dense,

Father, then wilt thou protect us,
Be our refuge and defense ?

When all bright anticipations
In bewild'ring ruins lie,
And the waves of disappointment
O'er our hopes are rolling high,
While we stand in desolation
On the bleak and rocky shore,
Then extend thy loving kindness,
Whisper peace forevermore.

Ever lead us, oh! our Father,
Through the turmoil and the strife,
Till we reach the shore immortal
In the realm of endless life ;
And when death at last is compassed,
May thy angels from above
Guide us through the unknown ether
To our future home above.

ANGEL WHISPERINGS.

When our sky is veiled in shadows,
And no beacon-star appears,
Weary, cast-down and forsaken,
All alone mid grief and fears,
Then perchance the weary spirit
Soareth backward in its flight,

And beholds again those loved ones
Who have passed from mortal sight.

Once again in sweet communion,
Hearts united as of yore,
We rehearse life's tragic story,
As it floods the memory o'er ;
"You are not alone in sadness,"
Softly doth the angel say ;
"Other hearts, bereft of gladness,
Also tread life's thorny way.

"Be not weary in well doing,"
Sweetly doth the angel say ;
"I will watch and guard you ever,
All along the dreary way ;
And when earthly toils are over,
And you lay your burden down,
I will guide you o'er the river,
Where awaits your starry crown."

THE HAVEN FOR THE SOUL.

Just beyond the silent river,
Where the dancing sunbeams quiver,
Is a land of untold beauty
Which no mortal need ignore ;
Poet's fond imagination
Cannot paint the fair creation

Where the souls of every nation
Live and dwell forevermore.

It was called by ancient sages,
In long-past historic ages,
When the eyes of seer and prophet
Could behold the open scroll—
It was called the land supernal,
Kingdom of our God eternal,
Where the fields were ever vernal—
Peaceful haven for the soul.

Ere the heavy clouds of error
Had receded, with their terror ;
Ere the veil of superstition
Had been rent, to close no more ;
Ere the many unseen wires,
Formed by fond, intense desires,
Linked earth's children with their sires,
And to loved ones gone before.

Land beheld by mortal vision,
And the land of God, Elysian,
Bridged by countless golden pathways,
Which the angels traverse o'er,
Bearing messages of gladness
To earth's children in their sadness,
Shielding many brains from madness,
As life's burdens on them pour.

Nature's silent, mighty forces
Issue from their hidden sources,
Linking all the mundane systems
Unto supermundane cause—

Forming one grand combination,
Perfect each in its relation
To this fathomless creation,
Wrought through God's unfailing laws.

Hush the spirit's loud repining,
Question not our God's designing,
Look in faith beyond the billows
Where sore disappointments roll,
To the land of your ideal,
Kingdom of the changeless leal,
Where you'll find the truly real,
Blissful haven for the soul.

GLEANNING.

I have toiled through the heat of the day,
Gleaning wheat from the stubble of care—
Just a few scattered heads which the reapers have passed,
Is the portion that's left for my share.

I arose ere the sun had arisen,
Bound my sandals secure to my feet,
And went forth to my labor beneath the pale stars,
Knowing nought of the foes I might meet.

Early song-birds were piping their lays,
The bright dew lay like gems on the leaves,
But I found that the reapers had passed o'er the field,
And had garnered the beautiful sheaves.

But a few scattered heads still remained,
And I knew I must glean for my share ;
So, with courage undaunted, I faithfully toiled,
Gaining strength from the fountain of prayer.

The great heat of the day is now past,
And I know that the darkness draws nigh,
When our labors will cease and our sheaves must be laid
At the feet of the Master on high.

Even now the bright sun nears the west,
Very soon mortal strife will be o'er ;
As I gaze o'er the turbulent waters of life,
I can see to the opposite shore.

There the weary of earth will find rest,
Who have toiled amid danger and sin,
To secure to their credit immortal delights,
And the favor of angels to win.

I have gleaned from the stubble of care
One bright sheaf bound with tendrils of love,
And I'll bear it away to the realms of delight—
To the home of the angels above.

PROGRESSION.

Step by step, the world advances
On progression's endless way ;
Slowly the dark curtain's lifted
That reveals the light of day ;

As the rays of inspiration
Pierce the mists that shroud the earth.
Superstition fleeth backward
With the things of little worth.

Surely are the rays extending
Through the darkness of the night,
And the human understanding's
Quickened to receive the light ;
Onward, onward, ever onward,
Are the conquering forces led,
Through the silence of the ages,
With a slow and measured tread.

Bringing undeveloped science
To the view of mortal ken,
Wonderful the mighty projects
Mirrored in the minds of men,
That progression now uncovers,
As it moves so still and slow,
In the grooves of earth-existence,
On our planet here below.

'Tis the sun that lights the present ;
Ignorance must take its flight,
As this mighty power advances
With its shining crown of light,
Bringing to the teeming millions
Gifts of universal good,
Joining all in closest union,
In one common Brotherhood.

THE SHIP OF PLEASURE.

I awaited the bright ship of pleasure,
But it passed, and is drifting from sight ;
As I see it recede in the distance,
Bearing all that is lovely and bright,
How my soul cries aloud in its anguish :
" Oh ! bright pleasure, return on the waves !"
But 'tis steadily drifting far seaward,
While the shore the sea wantonly laves.

And I stand on the shore of life's ocean,
All alone mid the surf and the spray,
While the bleak wind is blowing around me,
And the sky is a dark leaden gray ;
My sad eyes gaze afar o'er the water,
Where the last lingering ray still appears
Of sweet pleasure's bright blissful enchantment,
Borne away on the tide of the years.

And I turn from the last lingering glimmer,
Face the cold, bitter world with its tears,
Cast my sad, longing eyes to the eastward,
Where the white star of hope now appears ;
Long I've trod the lone pathway in silence,
Oft surrounded by shadows most dense,
But afar through the breakings there glimmers
The lone white star of hope—my defense.

The swift tide has borne pleasure far westward ;
It is lost o'er the edge of the sky,

Borne away on the waves of life's ocean—
Will it shine in the east, by and by?
As 'tis steadily borne on the billows,
Will it reach me again on its round?
Will its brightness appear in the eastward,
Where the bright star of hope I have found?

I am waiting again for the glimmer
Of the brightness that lightens its track—
For, perchance, 'twill appear in the distance,
The swift tide will again bring it back
O'er the path which my footsteps now follow,
And my soul may rejoice in the light
That will pierce through the gloom and the shadows,
And remove all the darkness and night.

For the pathway is flooded with shadows,
Dark gray ashes strewn thick by the way,
As I journey in sadness and silence,
Calmly waiting the dawn of the day;
I petition for light and the morning,
Raise my eyes to the ether above,
Where the white star is gleaming upon me—
The lone white star of hope and of love.

But I see not the bright ship of pleasure,
Nor the least lingering beam of its light,
Which I know is now shining in splendor,
Though perchance far removed from my sight;
But 'twill come on the wings of the morning,
It will come with the dawn of the day,
And dispel all the gloom and the shadows,
And illumine these ashes so gray.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

The bell that swings in yonder distant tower
Is telling with its iron tongue that day
Is fast departing, and the solemn hour
Of twilight comes with all its hallowed power
To robe the earth in quiet, dim array.

'Tis then, amid the silence, that our souls
Breathe forth, in reverent worship, thanks to the
Great Ruler, God, whose mighty power controls
The veiled arcana which all love enfolds—
The all that is or ever is to be.

We thank thee for the sunshine's flecking gold
That gilds the earth ; for silver-sheeted seas,
Whose crystal cradles, as in days of old,
Still rock in beauty, with a grace untold,
As nature sways them with her healthful breeze.

We thank thee for the harmony that fills
The earth ; for nature's perfect laws divine ;
For birds and flowers, and babbling liquid rills ;
For tender love, whose presence ever kills
The force of discords which our souls malign.

We thank thee for the anchor that is cast
Within the sparkling ocean of our hopes ;
And that no furious whirlwind sweeping past
Can break the cable chain that moors us fast
Until for us the life eternal opes.

We thank thee for the sweet abiding trust
That falls upon our souls at twilight hour ;
Although imprisoned in the crumbling dust,
We know that soon the laws of nature must
Release the spirit from all mortal power.

THE WARNING.

Just at dawn, a horse and rider
Swiftly galloped through the dell,
As they hurried on a mission
To the hamlet of Cromwell.

Horse with nostrils wide distended,
Flecked with foam and splashed with mire,
Rider looking pale and anxious,
As if filled with one desire.

Cromwell was a little hamlet
Snugly nestled at the rear
Of the elevated highlands
Near the Mexican frontier.

Noble-hearted men were dwelling
In that picturesque retreat—
Men with iron nerve and courage,
Never fearing foe to meet.

In one home there dwelt a maiden,
Fair and unadorned by art ;
She it was who held a jewel—
This young rider's noble heart.

" Well, my noble black Sebastian,
We have gained the end we sought,"
Said he to his horse, at halting—
" Have arrived ere mischief's wrought."

Drawing rein, he vaulted lightly
To the ground, in eager haste,
As he cried : " I've come to warn you,
Ere the hamlet lies in waste.

" For Mahoo, with many warriors,
Is upon the bloody trail ;
Rouse, ye, every man, to meet them !
You are warned ; we will not fail !

" Many pleasant homes of beauty
By their hands have been laid low ;
Many useful lives surrendered
To Mahoo, our bitter foe.

" They have come from Wissamahos,
Through the gorges, o'er the plains,
To our quiet, peaceful valley,
Where bright vernal beauty reigns.

" We will drive them from our Eden—
Drive them to their distant dell ;

They shall know and feel the greeting
Which we hold in shot and shell."

Thus his timely warning saved them—
Saved the ones his heart held dear—
Saved the Princess of the hamlet,
Whom he won with love sincere.

NO HEART BUT THINE.

No hand but thine shall lead me o'er the way
Into those fairer fields where hope shines bright,
Through the clear vista of the coming day
Where azure-tinted skies reflect the light.

No eyes but thine shall look into my heart
And read the secrets which are there enrolled,
Withdraw the bolts in every guarded part
And view the silent chambers, dark and cold.

Within those hidden depths lie buried deep,
Beneath the debris and the waste of years,
Rare treasures, which that place will ever keep
Sacred to memory and its dewy tears.

No lips but thine shall tender kisses give,
And find a full response unto thine own ;
And ever in my inner life shall live
Thy noble heart and silvery thrilling tone.

No arm but thine can strength and comfort lend,
While treading o'er life's dark and thorny way ;
It ever shields and proves a constant friend,
Through darkest night or bright and sunny day.

No heart but thine can find a dwelling-place
Within the precincts of my inner soul ;
It reigns supreme, with perfect trusting grace—
Has gained admittance and holds full control.

THE CAR OF TIME.

Ever onward, o'er the pathway,
Moves the gilded car of Time,
Never stopping, never ceasing,
Never lessening or increasing,
But with even motion pressing
Forward o'er the track sublime ;
As we view the combinations
Of this mighty magic car—
View the grandeur of its gilding,
See the wonders wrought in building,
We behold the hand that's holding
Every shaft and gleaming bar—

Keeping all this mighty grandeur,
All these burnished bands of steel,
All the gold and ruby lustre,
As the sunbeams flit or cluster
Over Time's correct adjuster

And each swift revolving wheel,
In exact and perfect order,
As along the track it flies,
Holding all of beauty's dower
In its vast, almighty power,
Through all time, the year, the hour,
And each blessing sanctifies.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

When the roses of youth gently wither,
As they must—for all blossoms soon die ;
When the chill breath of autumn comes sighing,
And tells that the winter draws nigh ;
When the frost clusters thick on the branches
Of the brown, naked trees by the way,
It adorns them with beauties far grander
Than those of the summer or May.

When the fruit hangs in clusters of beauty
On the boughs from which blossoms have fled ;
When their bright velvet petals have vanished,
And sleep in the tombs of the dead,
Oh ! 'tis then that they stand in full splendor,
With their fruitage of amber and gold,
Brightly crowned with the beauties of nature,
A gift which the blossoms foretold.

When the crown of the years, with its silver,
Rests on brow which is hallowed by care—
That has passed through the heat of the summer,
And toiled in the sun's lurid glare,
And at last stands amid the abundance
Where in springtime were planted the seeds,
It in gladness can reap a rich harvest
Of treasures—the fruits of good deeds.

It is then that this life proves that autumn
Is grander than spring with its flowers ;
For the soul can look back o'er the windings,
And view with delight well-spent hours
When the diamonds of Love, Truth and Goodness
By the wayside could ever be found—
The bright gems which adorn life eternal,
Where treasures immortal abound.

WAS IT TO BE ?

The great events, the care and strife
That crowd within each mortal's life,
Were they ordained to be ?
Has there a path been marked for each,
In which his feet must tread and reach
The end for him decreed ?

And must we all this path pursue
Where'er it leads or wanders through
The darkened glades beyond,

Without the power to turn aside,
Or shun the force of wind and tide
That thickly cross our way?

Some paths lead o'er the mountains wild,
Where many a weary, fainting child
Treads on, forsooth, alone ;
And some lead through the valleys cool,
Beside the bubbling, sparkling pool—
Through mossy, verdant dells.

And others lead through sunny fields,
O'er flowery banks, where joyous peals
Of music fill the air—
Where song and laughter, sweet and clear,
Float on the breeze, the heart to cheer,
As we pursue our way.

Were all these paths, some bright and fair,
Some overshadowed by despair,
Created from the first ?
And must each mortal tread the way
Marked out for him before his day,
Whether for good or ill ?

Were darkened lives ordained to be,
And we not moral agents free
To choose the better way ?
I doubt the faith which some hold bright,
That says whatever is is right,
And what's to be will be.

OUR DEPARTED.

Many dear ones have crossed the dark river, called Death ;
They have left us with sorrow enshrouded—
Passed away from the earth as a fast-fleeting breath,
Leaving all by the darkness enclouded.

They have left us alone in the morning of life,
When we most need a sturdy defender ;
We are weary of crosses and life's bitter strife ;
The great conflict we fain would surrender.

Grown so weary of treading life's ways steep and vast,
Being pierced by the sharp thorns of sorrow,
All alone by the way, with our sky overcast,
Will the star of hope shine on the morrow ?

Will it pierce through the gloom, cast its light on the way,
O'er the path where dark shadows cause sadness ?
Will we then by faith hear the departed ones say :
"I am with you ; good cheer, peace and gladness ?

"Your dark journey is rough, but the end draweth nigh
When we'll meet in the bright light of Heaven ;
No thick mist will arise to cast gloom o'er the sky,
But the sunlight of God will be given.

"You will bask in the light of the fair summer land,
In sweet happiness' blissful reunion,
There to join in the song of the bright angel band,
And to dwell in pure love's blest communion."

INDIAN SUMMER.

A hazy sky, a smoky, rosy glow,
That almost veils the distant forest trees,
The hum of bees that wing their flight more slow,
Upon the breeze,
Than in the heated summer's rushing tide,
When all around was verdancy and bloom—
All Nature seemed to swiftly onward glide,
All light, no gloom.

Now fields are bare, without their wealth of grain,
And insects chirp in each deserted place ;
But hazy days will not with us remain—
Short is their race ;
The plaintive murmur of the woodland brook,
The few sear leaves upon the branches high,
The grasses brown within each hidden nook,
Will covered lie.

For soon the chilling wind of winter old
Will change the aspect of these sunny days—
Fling over all its robe of frost and cold,
Remove the haze.
The sun is sinking in a rosy mist,
And quiet reigns o'er wood and meadow land ;
The distant hilltops with its beams are kissed,
Supremely grand.

It never fails to tread its ceaseless round,
And waits for none, but moves in matchless grace—
Fulfills its mission, and is ever found
Within its place.

Fair Indian summer's calm and quiet reign,
The peaceful end of autumn's busy day !
The winter now must pass ere we again
Shall greet the May.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

In the northern frigid zone,
Far removed from tropic skies,
Where the flowerets ne'er unfold
To the light their charming dyes ;
There the lichen's clustering masses
Grow with tufts of coarse, rough grasses,
Often buried far below
The white surface of the snow.

Chilling breezes rudely blow,
In that icy northern clime ;
Brilliant jewels, pure as pearl,
Gem the craggy heights sublime ;
Monuments of marble splendor
Do the glistening icebergs render—
Flimsy sheen and network fine,
Chiseled by a hand divine.

Farther toward the south wind's breath
Greenery with snow combines
Charming scenes, as on we roam
Through the stately groves of pines ;

Safely there, in Nature's keeping,
Is the fair arbutus creeping—
 Tiny stars of pink, that blow
 Near the earth, beneath the snow.

Borne still farther o'er the way,
 On the zephyr's silent wings,
Emerald robes of verdancy
 Nature's wondrous magic brings—
Blossoms in profusion blending,
On the breeze sweet perfume sending—
 Voiceless angels of the sod,
 Ministers that point to God.

In the woodland's green retreat,
 Where the eddying waters flow,
Gushing music oft is heard,
 While the rivers murmur low ;
Gay-plumed birds sweet strains are trilling,
All the wood with rapture filling—
 Joyous messengers of song,
 Music's charms to them belong.

In the sunny southern clime,
 Land of fruitage, warmth and flowers,
Land of liberty and peace,
 Land of love's bright, blissful hours—
Vines of cypress gently swaying
Perfumed breezes ever playing,
 Golden sunbeams shining forth,
 Fairest land from south to north.

THE DYING CHILD.

I am going—going, mother,
From the scenes I've loved so well,
To the pure, bright land of spirits—
That sweet home of which you tell ;
I can see across the river
Into charming realms of bliss ;
Hark ! they've come to take me, mother ;
Now imprint your last fond kiss.

Clasp my hand, for I am going ;
But the journey is not far ;
I will wait your coming, mother,
And I'll leave the gate ajar ;
Sweet and heavenly music's swelling,
Growing more divinely grand,
As material senses fail me,
And I near the shining strand.

Does your hand still clasp me fondly,
In the old accustomed way ?
For I cannot feel you, mother—
You are holding nought but clay ;
But the shadows that enshroud you
Cannot long our spirits bar ;
Soon with joy you'll pass the portal,
Through the gate I'll leave ajar.

I shall roam the fields of splendor,
In the blissful realms of light,
With the pure and loving angels,
Who will lead my steps aright ;

Though I now must leave your presence,
For my future home above,
We will span the crystal river
With the golden links of love.

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going,
Just across the crystal river,
Which is known to you as Death ;
But the scene is filled with beauty—
It is but our fleeting breath ;
No more—no more !

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

Deep within the human structure,
Ever guarded with great care,
Is a secret hidden chamber,
Shadowy sentries standing there ;
All within is perfect silence,
Noiseless phantoms tread the floor,
And those ever-watchful sentries,
Guarding well the chamber door.

Curious searchers never enter,
Never see the treasures rare ;
For they cannot gain admittance,
Nor these hidden secrets share ;

Ever in this secret chamber,
Perfect silence reigns supreme,
While the shadowy phantoms guard it—
Noiseless as the morning's beam.

Only they can view the treasures
That abound on every side ;
Purest gems of love most holy
Does this secret chamber hide—
Chords of strong and pure devotion,
Treasured safely and with care,
And, within a golden chalice,
Nectar sweet which none may share.

Golden links of true affection,
Shining with clear, lambent light,
Rest within this secret chamber,
Guarded well from human sight ;
None but noiseless phantoms enter,
Flit among the treasures rare,
Grimly search each secret corner,
For they all the secrets share.

Phantoms voiceless, ever noiseless,
Silent as the wings of thought,
Roam in freedom through this chamber,
See the rights and wrongs there wrought—
See the lights and see the shadows,
As they fall upon the floor,
But they never bear these treasures
Through that guarded chamber door.

Human eye will ne'er behold it—
Never enter that retreat,
Where the phantoms reign in silence,
Where the lights and shadows meet ;
Human penetration's baffled
When it nears the guarded door
Of this secret hidden chamber ;
It will enter nevermore.

THE FAIRY OF THE WHEAT FIELD.

I met my dear love in a field of ripe wheat,
In the clear bracing air of the morning ;
Her cheeks were like roses, she looked very sweet,
As shyly she peeped from her sun-bonnet neat,
Which her beautiful head was adorning.

Her eyes were as bright as the stars of the night,
And her teeth were like pearls in their gleaming ;
Her hair had the lustre of gold in the light ;
Her ringlets escaped from a netting most slight ;
She was bright as an angel in seeming.

She came into view, sweetly trilling a song,
With a basket of lunch, before dinner ;
She looked very like a bright fairy of old,
As quickly she tripped mid the bundles of gold,
And I thought, " Could but I be the winner !"

I doffed my broad brim, held it fast in my hand,
As she said, with the smile of a fairy :
"Pray, sir, does my father with you here abide ?
I've scanned the whole field, and the hill-top beside,
And I see not yet where he doth tarry."

"To serve you would give me exceeding delight,"
I then said, though I scarcely dare ask it :
"Beyond this first field, o'er the top of the hill,
Your father now tarries, his wagon to fill ;
Please allow me to carry your basket."

"We'll roam o'er the field, by the way of the pond,
Where the white water lilies are blooming ;
I'll pluck the rare blossoms of purity white ;
I know they will give you exceeding delight—
If you'll not think me boldly presuming."

"Many thanks to you, sir, for your wishes expressed ;
But I surely with you must not tarry ;
I always obey my dear mother's behest—
Must quickly return, for it was her request,
As the basket to father you'll carry !"

Then gayly she turned, with a cheery "Good by !"
And soon passed from the range of my vision ;
As fast her fair form disappeared from my view,
A feeling crept o'er me decidedly new,
And I quickly then formed a decision.

* * * * *

Time flies ; many years have passed by since that form
Came to me on her dutiful mission ;

We ne'er could forget the first time that we met,
Or the basket of lunch she so roguishly set—
For they both made a lasting impression.

In union we've journeyed o'er life's varied path ;
Our fond love no dark shadows could sever ;
To me she's more dear, her sweet voice still more clear,
Than first when its music delighted my ear
Mid the wheat—my fond angel forever.

A SONNET.

No crown e'er rested on that queenly head,
Not e'en the well-earned crown of candid praise ;
Unlaureled kings and queens, with quiet ways,
File on, and join the army of the dead ;—
The dead, we say ? Yes, dead to mortal strife ;
The bitter conflict now has passed them by ;
The deep and piercing, agonizing cry
Of hearts misunderstood in earthly life
Shall cease ; the bitterness shall pass away ;
And angel hands shall twine a garland fair,
And star with love, a crown for them to wear
In brighter realms of everlasting day ;
What care they now for words of praise or cheer
Upon the earth ? They almost cease to hear.

WHERE ?

I shall drift out beyond the tide ;
The angel Death the boat shall row ;
My little bark will surely glide
Away from earthly scenes of woe.

The unknown realms of which we hear
We each must enter—one and all—
The door which earthly mortals fear—
The rich and poor, the great and small.

For all must pass that turbid stream ;
And oft we ask, in earnest prayer :
“ Will our fond, fervent, cherished dream
Find its fruition over there ?

“ Where does that boatman land his freight
Beyond the unknown waters there ?”

We often ask, in wonder great :

“ Where will he land us—where—oh ! where ?”

Our sight is thickly clouded o'er ;
We cannot see beyond the tide ;
Our vision only scans the shore
Upon this dark and shaded side.

We dream and hope, as we draw near,
And pray to find the region fair ;
But still our shrinking souls will fear,
And ask in wonder : “ Where, oh ! where ?”

MUSINGS.

I muse to-night
On pleasures bright
That in my youth brought pure delight ;
But they are fled,
Their hopes are dead ;
Life's lessons cluster in their stead.

The brilliant flowers
Of childhood's bowers,
Where I have passed bright sunny hours,
The waving trees
And perfumed breeze
Send waves of thought o'er mystic seas.

The gorgeous dyes
Of sunset skies,
Whose crowning beauty glorifies
With mellow glow
The earth below,
The crystal rivers in their flow ;

The drooping vines
And dark green pines
The orb of day so well defines,
The fountains clear
That sparkle near—
All please the eye or charm the ear.

And what we know
Of joy below,
As through this desert plain we go,

Are treasures white,
Clear gems of light,
In settings golden, pure and bright.

At twilight fall,
We oft recall
Old scenes that hold us in their thrall ;
We drift away,
Nor can we stay
But memory's goddess must obey.

This life appears
A sea of tears,
With ships afloat, well-filled with fears ;
And crosses great
Seem sent by fate,
Which ever for their bearers wait.

MINGLING.

Through the mighty realm of Nature,
All her objects, great or small,
We behold the law of union,
And of harmony, through all ;
Nothing lives alone or single,
Nothing in this transient state
But each object has its fellow—
Every creature has its mate.

Every little flitting insect,
That is shining in the sun,
Has its chosen bright companion
It through Nature's laws has won ;
Every flower in matchless beauty,
Reigning with such queenly grace,
Has her royal king beside her,
In his rightly-fitted place.

Thus we see, throughout all Nature,
Under laws that are divine,
Constant mingling of her forces,
As the glorious sun doth shine,
Kissing sea, and plain, and mountain,
Which reflect its cheerful light,
Mingling with all things around us,
Flooding all with beauty bright.

As the floating zephyrs mingle,
As the waters join their flow,
So our lives are joined together
While we journey here below ;
All the secret, hidden workings
We perchance may never know,
Yet the golden chords unite us,
Though unseen they brightly glow.

Strong magnetic cords are running
From the earth to Heaven's gate,
Fine and bright, in perfect order,
Which we often hear vibrate ;

Sweet the low melodious music—
Mellow symphonies of love—
As the angel-fingers play them
In their joyous home above.

Faintly we can hear the echo
Of those melodies so grand,
As they strike the chords that bind us
With their shining magic wand ;
As it mingles with our being,
Ever bringing hope and cheer,
Peace and harmony surround us
When these symphonies we hear.

Nothing here below can flourish
All alone, in single state ;
Every thing requires a helper
To exist and recreate ;
For the laws divine around us
Are progression and advance,
Urging all within their circle
To assist and life enhance.

Every creature's life is mingled
And entwined with lives around—
Links that bind the works of Nature
Through her varied range are found,
Forming curious, grand machinery,
Magic wheels and shafts sublime,
Keeping swift and even motion
O'er the rugged path of time.

We behold throughout the workings
Of this earthly sphere so vast
Constant confluence of forces,
In the present as the past ;
As we mingle here together,
So does this same law divine
Govern all the realms above us,
And the mighty whole combine.

MORNING.

Morning is dawning ; the banners of gold
Slowly unfold to my sight ;
Hilltops resplendent with light I behold,
Where hung the mantle of night.

White the sheet-silver that rolls on the lakes,
Crowning each bright dancing wave ;
Nature's sweet music in gladness awakes,
Cheering the hearts of the brave.

Like to the clouds that hang over the sea,
Dashing wild torrents of rain,
Care's surging billows forever will be
Laden with sorrow and pain.

But the dark clouds, when their fury is spent,
Cannot their blackness retain ;
So with life's cares, when the mantle is rent,
Sunshine will gladden the plain.

Morning is dawning ; the banners of gold
Slowly unfold to my view ;
Back the dark curtains of night have been rolled,
Morning is breaking anew.

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

Throw back the curtains, Laura ;
Let the sunshine flood my room ;
I've dwelt so long in shadows
I would fain dispel the gloom ;
Bring flowers to deck the mantel,
Mistletoe and holly too,
And twine them in the hangings,
Mid the varied tints of blue.

And let their welcome perfume
Cheer my soul, that's stricken down
Beneath the clouds of sadness
By disease's cruel frown ;
We'll drive away the shadows ;
You will dress me once again
In silken robes of beauty—
They shall cover all the pain.

I'll sing and warble, Laura,
As I used to sing of old,
Before I knew of sickness,
Or the force of its strong hold ;

And you shall braid in beauty
My long hair of shining gold,
And twine tube-roses, Laura,
Mid the lustre of each fold.

And bring my jewels, Laura,
From the casket where they rest ;
The bright and sparkling diamonds
Place again upon my breast ;
Now, all around is beauty,
But it does not kill the pain ;
I tried, my darling sister,
To seem well to you again.

With all the warmth and beauty
That surrounds us with its cheer,
I've grown so weary, Laura—
I'm so weary—listen, dear ;
I find my strength is failing ;
Give me rest—sweet, peaceful rest
Upon the pillows, Laura,
With my head upon your breast.

You've dropped the curtains, Laura ;
Is the sun low in the West ?
I'll waken, in the morning,
In the land of perfect rest ;
I'll wait for you, my sister,
In the home that knows no pain ;
Beyond the turbid water,
You shall find your own again.

HONOR.

An attribute that cometh from on high,
Embracing qualities that ne'er can die,
Is most exalted in its purity,
Divine and grand in holy sanctity.

Pure honor never dims its brow with foolish pride,
Or wears a robe of artifice its faults to hide ;
But stands erect, with honest mien,
Upon the heights of purity,
And from that summit high can scan each changing scene,
And look into futurity.

A pure and noble principle, akin to love,
That governs every noble act, found birth above,
And was transmitted to mankind,
To bless the world's posterity—
To light the shaded paths we all will surely find,
In this earth-life's severity.

Its silver cords are strong about the honest soul,
And should our every word and act of life control—
Our sacred honor held most dear,
Which we should guard most carefully,
With tender, watchful care protect and love sincere,
And earnest zeal, and prayerfully.

We often sacrifice the aims of life most dear,
That our untarnished honor may not dim appear,
And tread for years life's shaded side,
Ignoring pleasure and delight ;
We journey on with faith our safe and only guide,
Companion fair for honor bright.

'Tis firm in right, will never shrink or turn aside,
Or drift along upon life's dark and treacherous tide,
Among the breakers fraught with grief,
Which thickly cluster there, I ween ;
The calm and placid water covers many a reef—
Within the depths they lie unseen.

The shining robe of honor is a shield of worth
That guides the spirit safely thro' the ways of earth
Into the fairer realms of light—
A blissful, bright reality,
Whose gleaming splendor ever sheds a halo bright—
One star of immortality.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Can we tell where the spirit of beauty found birth,
When first it appeared to the sight ?
It was born from the darkness that covered the earth
When God gave the first rays of light.

It was nursed on the breast of the great restless sea,
Was rocked on the smooth rolling waves,
And it dwells in the depths, unmolested and free—
Rests safe in the low coral caves.

It abides in the blue of the o'erarching sky,
It dwells with each bright twinkling star—
With the moon as she moves in her grandeur on high,
As brightly she shines from afar.

In the gay-tinted cloud, in the verdure of earth,
The spirit of beauty abides ;
In the cataract's fall, in the temples of worth,
In art and in music resides.

It is found in the blush on the fair maiden's cheek,
It dwells in the bright sparkling eye—
On the lips as in rapture they earnestly speak,
In love which we know will not die.

It is found in the heart of the honest and true,
It rests on the child's pearly brow—
And the innocent mirth and the bright eyes of blue
That spirit doth sweetly endow.

The fair spirit of beauty, diffused through the world,
Riseth upward unto the sublime ;
She with grace her bright banner hath proudly unfurled,
And it waveth o'er every clime.

And it dwells in our home on the bright heavenly shore,
In regions of glory on high ;
It will live and abide in that home evermore,
Unchanged—for it never will die.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"Well, my friend, we are now drawing near to the station,

Where you wished to stop off ; hope you'll find you're relation ;

'Tis the place, as no doubt you do still well remember,
Though the ground is all white with the snows of December.

"Well, you think it looks strange, and your eyes fill with tears ;

But this world of progression won't wait twenty years ;
That's a long time to roam without some cheering words
From your mates, or the nest, or the old parent birds.

"Well, good by ; I must haste, and advance on my run ;
Hope you'll find all your friends—each and all—every one ;

But we all must expect to find change, when we come ;
Twenty years' time is long to remain from our home."

I then bade the kind guard of the train a farewell,
And at once sought the place where in youth I did dwell,
In a neat little cot, that for years was my home,
Where we all lived and loved, ere I wished far to roam.

The old brow of the hill was soon reached on my way,
But my thoughts were disturbed on that cold autumn day ;

For my mind was now filled with forebodings most dire,
And to find those I loved was my burning desire.

Would my mother remember, know me when I came?
And sweet Nell, would she, too, unto me seem the same?
My kind father, and John, would they greet me at home—
Would they welcome the one that had chosen to roam?

I soon reached the great yard—the old gate was the
same;
Well I knew who had worked years ago on the frame—
Nailed the slats to the bars, which were once true and
straight;
Many years had gone by since I worked on that gate.

The old well was the same, with its long, slender sweep;
What a flood of old mem'ries 'gan o'er me to creep!
And the old mended bucket, with moss hanging green,
Near the high poplar trees it was swinging between.

And my name was still there, on the post at the right,
Where I cut it in youth, when this life seemed so bright—
When kind John with myself and sweet Nell, my delight,
Roamed o'er field and through glen, from fresh morn
until night.

As I mused near the well, I beheld at the rear
Of the cot a fair form which gave courage and cheer;
She at length broke the spell; my heart-throbs were
intense
As I stood there in silence, in hope and suspense.

"Pray, sir, won't you come in?—for the wind's bleak and chill;

Rest a while in the warmth of the fire, if you will;

'Tis a cold, piercing day, for this time of the year,
And the snow of last night makes it seem still more drear."

I sat down and, while asking, was dreading to learn
What my fears had already begun to discern;

"Can you tell where I'll find those who dwelt in this cot?

Twenty years have gone by since I saw this loved spot.

"This for years was my home. Yes, my name's Allen Gray;

Long ago I sought wealth in wild scenes far away,
In the land that was famed for its placers of gold,
And I know not the fate of the loved ones of old.

"I have roamed and sought gold, but the years have been drear,

Yet success richly-crowned my lone life with its cheer;
I have wealth far beyond fondest hope or desire,
But this day shadows dense flood my path dark and dire.

"Many gifts and rare gems have I brought for dear Nell,
Brilliant diamonds and rubies, rare works wrought in shell;

I have saved them for years, to increase her delight—
For I knew they would make those dear eyes sparkle bright."

"I can tell the events that have passed unto you :
I have lived near this cot during years not a few ;
And as memory rolls backward o'er life's varied plain,
I behold many scenes—some of joy, some of pain.

" 'Uncle Gray,' as we called him, and your dear, loving
mother—
And sweet Nellie, your sister—bashful John, your own
brother ;
I will try to bring all the past scenes to your view,
Of your dear cherished friends—how they longed to see
you."

"Do you say they are dead? Then have pity's my
prayer ;
Do not crush all my hopes—fill my soul with despair !
John, you said, had gone West ;—well, go on with the
rest ;
No, I'll not show the pain, but will bear the sad test."

"Well, rest calm, and I'll tell the whole tale to the end ;
For I nursed them, myself—was for years their true
friend ;
A disease greatly feared, proving fatal to all,
Came to this quiet place, years ago, in the fall.

"It removed many children from this pleasant land ;
Little Nell, that you loved, was one star of the band ;
Then your father was taken, and he went away
From his old cottage home on a bright autumn day.

"Your dear mother and John were now all that remained ;
All the rest were away—some the heights had attained ;
'Oh ! for Allen's return,' I so oft heard her say ;
'But God knows what is best ; for his good I will pray.'

"Then, at length, on a calm and serene Sabbath day,
When all Nature was dressed in her brightest array,
Your dear mother departed from home here on earth—
Went away to bright realms—passed the new heavenly
birth.

"Then poor John was alone in the old cottage home ;
He was bowed down with grief, and wished also to roam—
Bade adieu to his home, and we ne'er since have met,
For he sought distant scenes with the hope to forget."

"Many thanks for the tale ; but this grief's hard to bear ;
For the glamour of wealth I this day do not care ;
I would give all the gold, all the land, I possess
For the clasp of my friends and dear Nellie's fond kiss.

"All the treasures I gathered, as far I did roam,
To make glad the loved ones who remained in our home,
I will give unto thee for thy kindness to those
Who have gone from our sight, but have gained sweet
repose.

"I will thank you again, ere I pass from your sight ;
I shall ever remember this sorrowful night,
And I ne'er will forget this loved spot where you dwell ;
But now bid you a kind and most grateful farewell.

" But, let me not haste ; there was one near my heart,
And of her I would hear, ere we finally part ;
She was modest and fair ; she was loving and true ;
Perhaps something you'll tell me of sweet Mary Drew ?"

" In my heart her dear image has never grown dim ;
But it there has remained—as the bright seraphim,
In the holy of holies, keep guard at the door ;—
Shall I never see her on this life's fickle shore ?"

For a moment she faltered, averting her face ;
In the outline 'twas easy her features to trace ;
She was still very beautiful, yet oh ! how changed !
While I wandered afar, had her heart been estranged ?"

Then she blushing replied : " I am known here as she !"
" Will you now share my fortune, dear Mary, with me ?"
Was the sudden reply ; " will you now be my wife ?
Shall we journey together the balance of life ?"

* * * * *

Since that day have rolled by many long, changing years,
And we've mingled together our laughter and tears ;
But the white locks of Mary, once shining like gold,
Are as dear as the day when our love was first told.

The sorrow that clouded my soul for the dead
Is now softened to sweet recollection instead ;
And the sacred old homestead, to childhood so bright,
Is made dearer and radiant with holier light.

WEARY.

Let me lay down my head ; I am weary of work ;
Let me rest close beside you, where all seems so bright ;
I would leave this lone path, where the dark shadows
lurk ;
I would seek sweet repose in the warmth and the light.

I'm so weary of treading the rough paths of life,
And so weary of crosses, and conflicts and blight—
Grown so weary of sadness, and darkness, and strife,
I would gladly find rest in the sun's genial light.

I've grown weary of wearing the false robe of pride,
As a cover for heart-aches and battles within—
Grown so weary of climbing the steep mountain-side,
And of striving the crown of contentment to win.

Let me feel the warm clasp of your hand that is true,
For my arms have been clasping the thin, empty air ;
I would rest in the light and the warmth here with you,
Where delights seem to cluster so brilliantly fair.

I would throw every care in the sea of the past,
I would bid them depart in the depths from my sight,
And my sad, tearful eyes ne'er again would I cast
O'er the sea of commotion and darkness and blight.

For I'm weary of strife and would rest from my cares
Close beside your fond heart that is tender and true,
And I never would cease to give thanks in my prayers,
If I only could rest in the light here with you.

SOLITUDE.

Most men court solitude :—
They love the secret quiet bower,
Where they can pass a pleasant hour
With inspiration's mighty power—
The richest earthly gift or dower.

Solitude hath charms :—
We meet the muse in silence there,
Its lofty thoughts in freedom share ;
We lay aside all fear and care,
When we into that realm repair.

Solitude hath magic :—
Its charms awaken deep desires ;
We feel the force which thought inspires—
A spark that kindles glowing fires,
Which our lone heart in joy admires.

Solitude hath jewels :—
We pass o'er time with rapid flight,
And memory's eye scans with delight
Old scenes that shine forth clear and bright,
To cheer our souls—our inner sight.

Solitude is sacred :—
No scorpion in that realm is found—
That region vast is sacred ground,
Where lofty thoughts and forms abound,
With glorious hues and brightness crowned.

THE FIVE SENSES.

The senses are the windows for the soul,
Through which it may the acts of life control ;
Close all the windows where the spirit lives,
And soon it leaves the structure Nature gives.

If we the sense of sight cannot maintain,
One window then is closed—but four remain
To guard the spirit in the earthly sphere,
Or give unto the soul sweet rays of cheer.

If the clear sense of hearing is destroyed,
Of sight and hearing both we are devoid ;
The spirit will refuse to leave or roam,
But cling with fondness to its crumbling home.

It dwells in darkness and in silence drear,
Without a wave of light or sound to cheer ;
Its prison walls are black, and lone, and still,
And yet it seeks its earthly form to fill.

If the fine sense of smell no more abides,
Then three are gone—our faithful, trusty guides ;
And if we take the sense of taste away,
The spirit still continueth its stay.

In bondage fast, it calmly waits the end,
Until the Father shall Death's angel send,
To break the last link which the spirit binds
To structure in which little joy it finds.

When the last sense is taken from the clay,
And feeling yields its ever-watchful sway,
How soon the spirit leaves its mortal home,
And soars away, the heavenly fields to roam !

The senses all restored, with twofold power
It revels in its great God-given dower ;
The prison-door swings ope, the chain is riven,
It walks in freedom through the gates of Heaven.

With senses quickened, one more added new—
Clear intuition, which all souls looks through—
No cloak of dark deceit, however dense,
Can screen or hide the sins from this keen sense.

We'll all be rated by our sterling worth ;
Each one receives his dues with spirit-birth ;
All good seeds scattered, as on earth we roam,
Will bear their fruits to bless our future home.

LOVE OR FAME?

I said : " No love shall turn my brain ;
It causes discontent and pain ;
Let those who would to love aspire
Gain their fond wish and grand desire ;
But I have other aims in life
Far grander than the place of wife ;
I'd sip from golden chalice bright
Of Fame, which holds unmixed delight."

I said : " Love's chaplet's for the weak ;
Far greater heights my life must seek ;
I'd work and brave the public tide ;
No love must this clear stream divide,

But ever onward must it flow,
As t'rough this world alone I go ;
Firm in my work, I must not turn,
But ever Love's enchantment spurn."

I said : " My courage must not fail,
Whatever foe my path assail ;
For I would gain a shining crown—
The laurels of undimmed renown ;
Must tread with feet that never tire,
And strive to gain my heart's desire—
Ignore all things that would divide,
Or cause my feet to turn aside."

I said : " Love's star will often pale,
Its lustre dim, its brightness fail ;
It will burn out, and slowly die—
The longing heart ne'er satisfy ;
I'll turn from its alluring thrall,
Lest nectar sweet shall turn to gall,
And lose what all souls most require,
And fail to gain my heart's desire."

I said : " No love is ever true ;
'Twill vanish like the morning dew ;
For all mankind their loves forget ;
It only proves a sad regret ;
I will not drink from out that fount ;
No heart-aches shall my life recount ;
I'll tread the brighter path of fame,
Where grand renown shall crown my name."

As time rolls on, with noiseless wheels,
Each year another chapter seals—
Lays it within the silent past ;
The book is all reviewed, at last ;
Within my soul I plainly hear
A rhythmic strain, subdued but clear,
As of some haunting mystery,
Borne o'er the sea of destiny.

I ask the silence of the hour,
Has fame indeed the greater power ?
And shall I from a dream awake—
Find all a myth, a sad mistake ?
And is renown an empty name ?
A weary load applause and fame ?
Would I at last stake all their bliss
For the delight of one pure kiss ?

I ask, is love the ruling power ?
Is it the richer wealth or dower ?
And have I, through the years gone by,
Chased phantoms that ne'er satisfy ?
And must I turn, at last, to gain
Repose and peace, for heart and brain,
And change my all-absorbing theme,
And own that fame is but a dream ?

And now I wake from sleep, at last,
To view the years in silence passed,
And find within that record drear
But little sunlight, hope or cheer ;

I know the human heart requires
The warmth of love's bright, glowing fires,
To cheer and light the years that fly,
For only love can satisfy.

WAITING.

While we wait here in the shadows
Of this lower earthly plain,
Ever earnest in endeavor
Loftier summits to attain,
Oft our shrinking souls will question,
As we scan our labors o'er,
How much good have we accomplished
Through the crosses that we bore ?

How much sorrow have we lightened ?
How much sunshine have we given ?
Have we through our efforts brightened
Weary souls with anguish riven ?
Have our hidden lives succeeded,
Or completed ought to cheer ?
Are the world and people on it
Better for our being here ?

Will there, from our lives so shadowed,
Shine forth one bright beacon-star
That will light some weary mortal,
As he journeys on afar ?

Will one soul in fondness cherish
Loving thoughts for noble deeds?
Will they hearken to our counsels,
In their oft oppressing needs?

We are waiting in the shadows,
Waiting with a patient heart,
Ever striving to accomplish
And complete our given part ;
May pure angels guide and guard us,
Ever lead our souls aright,
Guide us onward through the shadows,
To the blissful realms of light.

SOARING EAGLE'S WOOING.

Far away, o'er mountains rocky,
Toward the glowing setting sun,
Where the red man's war-whoop sounded,
Ere the day had well begun ;
Where the unpretending wigwams
Clustered in the valley's green,
Lived a dusky, bright-eyed maiden—
Light Gazelle, a fairy queen.

Fleet and shy as her fair namesake,
As she scaled the rocky steep,
Or pursued the trail's dim windings,
Where the waters foam and leap,

Dashing through the rocky channel,
Splashing over ledges high,
Tumbling down into the valley,
Where the shadows ever lie.

Bright and gay, with pulses bounding,
Was that fairy, Light Gazelle ;
Free and happy as the songsters
That were warbling in the dell ;
Graceful as the nimble squirrel,
Sparkling as the crystal dew,
Fair and sweet as fragrant blossoms
That within the forest grew.

Heart as free as floating zephyrs
That were wafted through the dells,
As her song awoke the echoes,
Clear and sweet as silver bells ;
Innocent as fawns around her,
Winsome in her artless grace,
Was this dusky bright-eyed fairy,
Pet and darling of her race.

Once, when through the forest roaming,
Gathering blossoms bright and sweet,
She espied a chief advancing
Toward her leafy, cool retreat ;
With his shining quiver holding
Many arrows, straight and true ;
Quick as thought this young chief halted,
And as quick an arrow drew.

It he sent with aim unerring,
From his bow so tightly strung ;
Swift it sped upon its mission,
High the fresh green leaves among,
Bringing down the nimble squirrel,
From his leafy covered seat—
Bleeding, dying, it came falling
At the little fairy's feet.

Light Gazelle had watched the action,
Which, to her untutored mind,
Was a deed of skill and wisdom
Which a just reward should find ;
Motionless she stood in silence,
As the chief came to the scene,
Grasped the prize, and then it offered
To Gazelle, the fairy queen.

Quick their bright and flashing glances
Met, as the young chief did say :
"I am Dawn, or Soaring Eagle,
Dwelling many miles away,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Where the hated white man's gun
Never has the echoes wakened,
Farther toward the setting sun."

"I accept the prize you offer,"
Said the fairy, Light Gazelle,
As her dusky eyes gave sparkle,
Which the tale of love did tell—

Told that cunning little Cupid,
With his shining silver dart,
Bow had drawn and sent the arrow
Through her young and tender heart.

Thus they met, the Soaring Eagle
And the fairy, Light Gazelle—
Learned the lesson taught by Nature,
Learned it in the leafy dell,
Taught unto the learned and noble,
Taught to king and reigning belle,
Taught to statesman and to prophet,
Taught to savages as well.

Gently taking hand she proffered,
Standing closely by her side,
He replied, in earnest accents :
“ Light Gazelle must be my guide—
Guide me through the trail’s dim windings
Of this life, with tender love—
Guide me through the shaded valley,
To the hunting-ground above.”

This was Soaring Eagle’s wooing—
Child of Nature, free and rude,
Wholly free from fashion’s thralldom,
And the gazing multitude ;
Claimed he her whom God had given,
Led her from the quiet scene,
Through the forest, to his nation—
Light Gazelle, the fairy queen.

MARRIED. d

"They're married!" we so often hear it said;—
What does the term imply—this being wed?
Has all at last been gained for which they sought?
Or have firm fetters been more closely wrought,
Which hold them fast within a cruel snare?
Will the awakening prove but empty air,
With nought to satisfy or cheer the heart,
While both are pledged to fill their given part?

Has she resigned all things of earthly life,
E'en name and home, to be an honored wife,
And sacrificed all worldly aims most free
Upon the altar of sad destiny?
Oh! could each mortal scan the coming days,
And there behold life's dark and cheerless ways,
How many souls would turn back in despair,
And pray for death to shield from grief and care!

The book of life, which we can plainly view,
As day by day time turns a leaf anew,
But keeps the future's pages veiled from sight,
Within obscurity's dark, silent night,
Our only safeguard as we onward tread,
Amid the ruins of bright hopes now dead;
Each smile and tear, all joys and anxious fears,
Are firmly locked within the coming years.

How feebly has the term been understood!
Yet to be truly mated oft brings good,
A life-long happiness to those so blessed
With love and sweet content in which to rest—

A bright and flowery path through which to roam,
Until they reach the end and gain their home,
With only flitting clouds that cross the sky,
Which tarry not, but float in silence by.

When hearts are wedded true to Nature's laws,
For grief or sad regret they have no cause ;
But each warm heart is ready to respond,
And time more firmly welds the sacred bond ;
As they in peace pursue their journey here,
They know that one true heart will always cheer—
Forever guard with sweet, untiring trust,
Until the change when one turns back to dust.

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IN THE HAMMOCK.

As I lie in the hammock and listen,
As I swing in the shade of the trees,
A low hum from the tumult of labor
Comes to me on the wings of the breeze.

While it speaks of a world of progression—
Speaks of industry, pleasure and gain,
I am thinking of those now in bondage,
Closely wrapped in the mantle of pain.

And I think of the poor that are striving
Mid the tumult, and bustle, and strife,
With the courage and zeal of old martyrs,
To gain food to sustain human life.

And I list to the voices of Nature,
As they speak, some in whisperings low,
Of the pleasures that wakeneth gladness,
Of the evils that make earthly wo.

A dull mixture of sounds floats around me,
Drives away from my presence the guest
Which I hoped here to welcome in silence—
The sweet goddess of sleep and of rest.

As I swing in the breeze, mid the fragrance,
To and fro, in the shadows alone,
Busy thought wanders back o'er the pathway
Of the years that have rapidly flown.

I review many scenes half-forgotten,
Bring them forth from their green-covered graves,
Resurrect them from out the dark ocean,
Where they've lain hidden under the waves.

And I find many links that are broken,
Wrought of metal the purest and true,
Lying safe in the depths, only waiting
For the mender to weld them anew.

Many joys, many griefs, many sorrows,
Which the heart many strong throbs have cost,
Are locked up in the casket of honor,
And the bright golden key has been lost.

I will search farther on for that treasure,
For I know I shall find it, at last—
Find it safe and untarnished in splendor,
Safe amid the bright scenes of the past.

I shall find the lost key of my sorrows,
I shall know why the dark waters roll
In such wild, angry waves of commotion
O'er the length and the breadth of the soul.

May the angels of love and of mercy,
Those who see all the crosses endured,
Lend their aid till life's battles are conquered,
And the prize which I seek is secured.

LIFE.

Why are thy paths, oh ! Life, so fraught with pain—
Thy sunlit summits oft so hard to gain ?
Are thy unerring ways misunderstood,
And darkest gloom but undeveloped good ?

When, after treading through deep grief untold,
Will undimmed joys then in a thousand-fold
Rejoice the soul ? Will sorrow's dire distress
Then show more plainly love's sweet perfectness ?

Thou hast thy mysteries, oh ! earthly life,
Through which we cannot penetrate ; the strife
And cares that hang their misty veils about
Our lives are unexplained—past finding out.

We grope, as those who are bereft of sight,
On through the valleys, where no cheering light
Can come, save rays that shine from the fixed stars
Of faith and hope, down thro' thy checkered bars.

Onward we go, through all thy devious ways,
And ever upward turn our wondering gaze,
And reach aloft to grasp the promises
Of God's undying true realities.

They lie before us, just beyond the mist
That shrouds the mortal ; heavenly joys exist,
And all of their extreme delights may know
Who can a pure, untarnished record show.

DEATH.

We face thy mysteries, oh ! Death,
And question whence this fleeting breath ;
Out o'er thy sea there drifts no spar,
But quiet reigns both near and far ;
Thou comest with thy sickle bright
And cuttest down the young from sight ;
Ere they have gained the blooming May,
They droop and perish in a day.

Night falls around ere noon appears ;
They live, and love, and shed their tears,
While kisses warm fair cheeks have pressed,
Dear friends and kindred have them blessed ;
This is enough—life holds no more ;
It fills the measure of her store ;
The longest earthly life will gain
No more, save bitterness and pain.

They lie within death's perfect peace ;
All earthly toils and tumults cease ;

In slumber deep they sweet repose ;
Their work is done, the records close ;
Each kindly deed while on the earth
Will stand a monument of worth—
A beacon-light, along the way,
Of fire by night, of smoke by day.

Each loving word bursts into flower ;
Remove from life's bright tree this dower,
And there remain but branches bare,
To mark the spot where hovers care ;
In every heart hope brightly shines,
The vine of love in beauty twines,
Which show, through anxious care and strife,
The golden bridge—Eternal Life.

OUR WHORTLEBERRIES.

" Do you still recollect one bright scene long gone by,
When we roamed o'er the field, arm in arm, you and I ?
We were eagerly searching the ground all around,
To find dark little berries which once did abound.

" We were filled with delight, on that fair happy day,
As we strayed o'er the sand which along our path lay,
While a tall, waving pine, in its dark dress of green,
Growing back in the distance, could plainly be seen.

" But our tho'ts did not dwell on the high, waving pine,
Nor the sun's brilliant rays making sands brightly shine ;

" We were trying to solve a deep question profound—
Would we each find our prize growing there on the
ground ?

" On solving this question our minds were intent,
As we searched every bush within sight, as we went,
Till at last I espied a small spray covered o'er
With the sweet luscious fruit it so gracefully bore.

" I at once grasped the beautiful prize in great glee,
As I joyously said : ' I've found mine, do you see ?
'Tis so nice, rich and dark, but it seems all alone,
For no more can I see, and I fear you'll find none.'

" Still we searched all around, but no more could we find ;
The bright sun was now casting long shadows behind,
And we turned toward our home. ' You have failed !'

I then said ;
' It is really too bad ; do take me in their stead ! ' "

" Yes, my dear, I remember it all—have no fears ;
The bright scene rushes back o'er the tide of the years,
Bringing cheer and delight oftentimes to my mind—
When we rambled together our berries to find.

" And the answer I gave I remember as well,
For your free, gleeful mirth had now broken the spell,
And removed the high barrier of bashful reserve ;
So I gave you the answer you sought to deserve :

“ ‘Yes, I’d take you for mine—I would guard you with
care ;

All your sorrows and trials I also would share ;
I would keep and protect with my strong loving arm,
Ever trying to shield you from sorrow and harm.’

“ So the matter was settled ere night held its reign,
And our hearts were content on one point—that was
plain ;

I had framed the discourse in my mind long before,
But the words, for some cause, from my lips would not
pour.

“ We are living here still in the same quiet place,
The tall pine waves its green with the same gentle
grace

As it did long ago, on that bright happy day,
When our hearts were so light and our songs were so
gay.

“ Now our days on the earth near their close, as we find ;
And our sun, too, is casting long shadows behind ;
Very soon it will set in the fair silvery west,
And we’ll gain our long home in the land of the blest.

“ It is then we will bask in a bright endless day,
Where we’ll never grow old, weak, and wrinkled and
gray ;

And we’ll ever remember, with fondness and pride,
Our long ramble for berries we had on earth’s side.”

WAIT FOR ME.

Wait for me amid the splendor,
Just beyond the pearly gate,
Where the wicked cease from troubling—
In the realms of beauty wait.

Where no sorrows dim our gladness,
Where no dark clouds banish light,
Where no disappointments hover,
Where we never dwell in night.

Where we're crowned with life eternal,
Where all cares of earth are o'er,
In the home of peace and pleasure,
On the bright celestial shore.

Wait where crystal streamlets murmur,
Where fair blossoms never fade,
There amid the verdant splendor,
In the charming summer shade.

Where no chilling breezes enter,
With their cold and frosty breath,
Where our loved ones know no anguish,
Nought of pain, disease, or death.

Wait for me with cheery welcome ;
Do not tire, or weary grow,
While I linger in the shadows,
Of this world of pain and wo.

I shall come to you, my darling ;
If my mission keeps me late,
Tarry in the golden splendor,
Very near the pearly gate.

**SOUL-YEARNINGS.**

You may search through the earth, through the seas and
the air,

You may traverse the Universe o'er everywhere ;
But you never will find
Perfect rest for the mind—
For its earnest desire
Is to reach something higher.

You may dive into pleasure to find perfect bliss—
To secure to yourself that sweet something you miss,
Which will ever bring cheer,
And will calm every fear ;
You may search with great care,
But you'll own 'tis not there.

You may rock in the velvet-lined cradle of wealth,
And your body enjoy the great blessing of health ;
But amid gathering doubt,
Every soul will soar out
Into regions unknown,
Where 'twill wander alone.

Ever yearning for something it cannot explain,
It still hopes in the future the treasure to gain ;

But, alas ! 'tis not here
In this changeable sphere,
Where, mid tumult and strife,
We must battle for life.

If we reach far beyond what the mortal can give,
And for ages eternal we're destined to live,
Oh ! will not every soul
Some time reach Heaven's goal,
Finding that something dear
It so yearned for when here ?

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

All night, from the casement of sadness,
I've watched for sweet freedom's blest light,
While fiends from the desolate valley
Come near with their songs of delight.

Fly back, oh ! ye minions of darkness—
Skulk back to your brothels of vice !
Inhabit your dens of pollution—
The watchful ye cannot entice.

I scorn all your cunning devices,
I fear not your intricate snares ;
My hand holds the sceptre of Justice,
My shield of defense is my prayers.

The mantle of Truth is my armor ;
I hurl the black glove at your feet,

And challenge the forces of darkness
With God's Truth and Justice to meet.

Ah ! well may ye, cowardly demons,
Slink back from this foe in affright ;
Ye dare not contend with the powers
Of Freedom, Truth, Justice, and Right.

Flee back to your slime-covered caverns,
Beneath the cold cataract's roar,
And rock in your serpent-lined cradles—
Go hence, and come back nevermore !

The night has been long and inclement ;
My casement is wet with the dew,
Where once, in life's fair early morning,
The sweet-scented jessamine grew.

Oh ! angels, come near in your beauty,
And whisper a message of cheer—
And tell me the night will soon vanish,
And morning unclouded appear.

And whisper a tale of sweet freedom,
In realms of the sinless above,
Where Right, and not Might, is the watchword
Of faithful, unchangeable love.

With patience, I wait for the tidings,
Which surely will greet me at last ;
The morning in splendor is dawning—
Behold ! your long night-watch is past.

CHRIST ON EARTH.

Toward ancient Judea's distant skies,
Glad songs and praises did arise ;
For on that ne'er-forgotten morn,
The lowly Nazarene was born.

The tidings reached King Herod's ear,
And filled his jealous heart with fear ;
This child might yet arise and stand
The King of Bethlahem's fair land.

He sent the wise men of the East
To find this Holy Babe, the Christ,
And said, in earnest accents low :

"Bring me the word I wish to know—
The place this child is to be found ;
I too will travel o'er the ground ;
I wish to worship at his feet,
And holy praise and prayer repeat."

The wise men, journeying in suspense,
With richest gifts and sweet incense,
Were guided by a single star,
That in the East shone from afar ;
It slowly led them till the morn,
Then rested where the child was born,
Lighting their path the journey through,
The Holy Son of God to view.

They reached the place, were welcomed in,
To view the child all free from sin,
Bestowed their treasures, rich and rare,
And worshiped him with praise and prayer ;
And when they left Judea's land,
That faithful, trusting little band
King Herod's wish would not obey,
But journeyed home another way.

An angel, in a dream at night,
Appeared to Joseph's spirit-sight,
And said : " Arise ! thou must not stay ;
Take Mary and the child away ;
King Herod's jealous fear will make
Destruction—many lives he'll take ;
Flee thou to Egypt, and remain
Until I come to thee again."

Soon Joseph hastened to obey—
Arose, prepared without delay,
And, starting on their lonely flight,
They left Judea in the night.

At length, fair Egypt's land they gained,
And, until warned, they there remained.

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The warning came ; the angel said :
" Return, for Herod now is dead."

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They journeyed far from Egypt's sea,
And sought the land of Galilee,
Near where the infant first drew breath,
The ancient city, Nazareth.

There he in strength and stature grew ;
His soul was pure, upright and true,
And soon a patient, trusting band
The loved disciples of that land,
Were glad his noble work to share,
To lend their aid in deed and prayer,
And lift in part the heavy load-
That ever seemed his soul to goad.

Christ filled the mission God designed—
A ray of light to all mankind
Was he ; dark superstition's veil
Was rent ; the wondrous living tale
Had been proclaimed to mortal ken,
Of " peace on earth, good will to men."

" My Father, pardon," was His prayer ;
" My enemies are not aware
Of their great sins ; oh ! make them free !
Receive me to my home and Thee."

He passed from earth, and dwells above,
In God's sweet home of Perfect Love.

HEARTS THAT HUNGER THROUGH THE WORLD.

Be patient, heart ; cease thy unrest ;
Be still, and crush these longings wild ;
Although thou art with grief oppressed,
Thy Father surely hears his child ;
Look up, with trusting faith, above ;
Thy banner yet shall be unfurled ;
For God will ne'er withhold his love
From hearts that hunger through the world.

This wild unrest thou must control—
Say, "peace, be still, oh ! restless heart,"
E'en if the angry waves do roll,
And thou art pierced with fate's cold dart ;
A smiling face with radiant beam
Thou must to all earth's creatures show,
For heart's are not just what they seem,
As through life's barren ways we go.

Subdue thy longings for the light,
Crush back each fond and tender tie,
And bury deep in darkest night
Thy brightest hopes and bid them die ;
Be true to every vow here given,
No matter how the heart may bleed ;
Be true to them before high heaven,
And let that thought thy hunger feed.

Poor weak and famished starving heart,
Thou must not pluck that fruit so fair ;
'Tis not for thee ; it has no part
Within thy hidden precincts there ;

But look in faith beyond earth's plain,
Up to a fairer region far,
Where never galling, weary chain
Thy freedom or thy love can bar.

Thy Father hears ; thou'lt surely find
Sweet rest and peace, oh ! weary heart,
And calm content shall fill the mind ;
Thy prison-doors shall swing apart,
The glorious sun shine from above,
Thy golden banner be unfurled ;
For God will ne'er withhold his love
From hearts that hunger through the world.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

How much, think you, the baby weighs—
This little rosy, nestling thing,
O'er which we watch with tender love,
And round it every comfort bring ?

I'll tie the knot and hold the scales—
For we must do the work aright ;
And you may read upon the bar ;
I'll turn the figures to the light.

And raise it just a little higher,
That we may get the perfect weight ;
There, that will do ; now look and see ;—
You say, "'tis just exactly eight."

Only eight pounds upon the bar
That marks this baby's weight, to-day—
A human being, weak and small ;
The living soul we cannot weigh.

We cannot weigh the love it brought,
The anxious cares about it twined,
The smiles and tears along the way,
That this unfolding soul will find.

We cannot weigh the fragrance rare
Of baby's breath, so pure and sweet ;
We cannot weigh the rosy tints
Upon the dimpled little feet.

We cannot weigh the rays of light
That shine among the curls of brown ;
We cannot weigh the beauties wrought,
From perfect toe to curling crown.

We cannot weigh the web of life
That's woven in this little one ;
We cannot weigh the golden warp
That through this little soul is run.

Only eight pounds upon this day—
So small and frail to human sight !
But here within this casket lies
A jewel precious, pure and bright.

A soul immortal as our own
Looks from these little eyes of blue—
One that will live throughout all time,
Live long, eternal ages through.

We only weigh the mortal part
Now placed within our watchful love ;
We'll ever try to guide aright
The soul that's loaned us from above.

When we shall gain our final home,
Within the realms of endless day,
Pure angel-hands shall hold the scales—
They'll weigh the soul and not the clay.

We'll all receive our honest weight,
In that blest home of rest and light ;
For Heaven's scales will never fail—
They'll weigh our souls and deeds aright.

And this wee treasure, that to-day
Marks only eight upon the bar,
In God's good time, may more than weigh
In noble needs our weight by far.

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THE SPIRIT OF MINNEHAHA.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

Hiawatha, as he wanders
Through the dark depths of the forest,
Ever's guided by the spirit
Of the loving Laughing Water ;
By his side, amid the shadows,
Ever does she follow after,
Cheering him with thoughts of comfort,
Saying softly in the breezes :

"I will guide your footsteps ever
Through the tangled vines of summer,
Through the drifting snows of winter—
Guide you where the roebuck dwelleth,
In the dark depths of the forest—
Through the thickets and the brambles,
Back to wigwam and Nokomis.

"I have passed the dreadful fever,
I have passed the fearful famine ;
Now my spirit roams in freedom,
In the land of ghosts and shadows ;
But the air is filled with fragrance,
In that sweet and lovely valley ;
Rare the music that oft cheers us,
As we roam the Blessed Island ;
For the home of ghosts and phantoms
Is a place of sweet communion,
Where we never hear wahonowin,
And we never need a meda.

"I was with you in your wigwam,
I was with you in your anguish—
Knew your grief and lamentation,
When I passed into the shadows—
To the land of Gitche-Manito,
To the land of the hereafter.

"Do not weep, my Hiawatha ;
I am still your Laughing Water,
Ever silent, ever shadowy,
But am true and loving ever,
As when first the minnewawa

Of your voice sang sweet awayea
To my tired and restless spirit,
When you laid the bleeding ahdeck
At my feet, in loved Dakota—
When you wooed me from my nation,
When I first became your sunlight.

“ I will ever linger near you
Till you too pass through the shadows,
And we meet in the bright Ponemah,
In the Island of the Blessed.”

SYMPATHY.

The dearest gift we can receive,
Or treasure rare that we can give ;
It far exceeds a monarch's crown,
Or valued gems of great renown ;
It speaks in accents sweet and clear,
And always brings us hope and cheer ;
From sordid lucre wholly free,
Is loving, honest sympathy.

It soothes the weary, troubled soul,
When waves of sorrow o'er it roll ;
It lights the gloom through which we grope
With mellow sunshine, and with hope ;

It helps us all our troubles bear ;
The sympathetic heart will share
Our joys, our griefs, our smiles and tears—
Its quickened feeling always hears.

How soon the sympathetic balm
Of pure affection's voice will calm
And cheer—our fainting souls renew
With sweet and warm refreshing dew ;
No gift to me, however rare,
Can with pure sympathy compare ;
Take all the gold and diamonds bright,
But let me bask in her soft light.

No gold can buy, no fire destroy,
This gem so dear, without alloy ;
No floods can drown or swallow up
The precious gifts within her cup ;
No thief can steal or hide away ;
True sympathy abides for aye ;
Not e'en the bolts of death can break
The links that sympathy doth make.

It reaches to the Summer Land ;
It binds each loving angel-band ;
Its chain extends from earth to Heaven,
And never will its links be riven.

I thank Thee, holy Father high,
For sympathy that cannot die—
For sweet affection, hope and love,
Descending from Thy throne above.

KISSES.

How much of love we oft express
In one sweet, tender, fond caress ;
How much of rare and perfect bliss
We oft receive with one pure kiss.

Kisses are old as Father Time ;
Their power is felt in every clime ;
And yet quite new they always seem—
A fair, bewildering, witching dream.

As we, in calm and pure delight,
Oft clasp the babe, so fresh and bright,
We shower with kisses, pure and sweet,
Caress again, and then repeat.

When we our dead lay out of sight,
And close the eyes devoid of light,
The last loved kiss we ne'er forget—
Its memory is a fond regret.

When we our friends bid sad adieu,
As we our different paths pursue,
Sweet kisses of affection prove
The fond expressions of their love.

The maiden's pure and loving kiss,
That fills her lover's heart with bliss,
Doth speak to him with wondrous power,
And floods with pure delight the hour.

Kisses are jewels rich and rare ;
Few treasures can with them compare ;

They speak in language rich and grand
We cannot fail to understand.

May this dear gift ne'er be denied,
But may its cheering power abide
Throughout all time, to light the way,
E'en in the realms of perfect day.

9 4

WHEN WE ARE FREE.

When we are free from this prison of clay,
Oh ! with what joy will we hail the glad day ;
When all the chains and the fetters are riven,
When the old structure to earth has been given,
Joyfully then the unknown we'll explore—
Regions of love on Reality's shore.

We shall sail out far beyond the dark main,
Into conditions of infinite gain ;
Quickly, oh ! quickly from earth will we soar,
When Nature says, " Your probation is o'er ;"
Ever henceforth mortal warrings shall cease ;
Now shalt thou enter the regions of peace,
Into the mysteries earth does not know—
Knowledge's gate on its hinges swings slow ;
Glimpses of grandeur shall then be revealed
Which from the mortal is ever concealed—
Exquisite beauties so charmingly new,
As we sail out through the fathomless blue ;

Onward and upward forever we'll go,
When we are free from our thralldom below—
Free from the fetters of care and distress,
Then as now working to rise and progress;
Never content, e'en in that happy land,
Ever to sing with a harp in the hand;
Earnest in effort to solve hidden laws,
Searching the depths for the infinite cause.

Knowledge is King, and our motto shall be,
"Onward and Upward," when we are set free.

OCEAN BRIDE.

I'm waiting close beside my Bride,
Gray and old, the restless Sea;
This much-loved Bride, endowed with grace,
Who will laugh in earnest glee
At the wild waves' roar, or the angry tide,
As the Storm King's power sweeps the billows wide—
She will sport in rapture free.

My lovely Bride, strong, staunch and fair,
Soon you'll sail the gray old Sea,
And rock in Nature's cradle old,
On the waves with love and me;

You give joy to hearts in wild scenes like this ;
When thy prow has met with thy lover's kiss,
You shall float o'er billows free.

You stand in grand and queenly grace,
With rare charms here unexpressed ;
Await the bridegroom's fond caress ;
Soon within my arms you'll rest,
When I'll bear you out on my silvery bed ;
Mid the surf I'll sport with the bride I've wed—
The fair one I love the best.

I'll kiss thee with my rippling waves,
Form of spray thy bridal veil ;
I'll rock thee safely in my arms,
As I tell the wondrous tale
Of the treasures bright that my caverns pave,
Far beneath the crest of each dancing wave,
As along we gayly sail.

I'll lull thee with the selfsame song
Sang by me since time began ;
As breezes sweep my hoary breast,
Wide and far my surface fan,
We'll not fear the shriek, nor the Storm King's wail—
For your strength shall laugh at the fiercest gale,
Ocean Bride, the pride of man.

LIFE---WHENCE CAME IT?

Life is a moral quickening principle,
Which comes from God ; He is the mighty source
Of this great element which all behold
Throughout great Nature's vast domain of force ;
Life principles extend through all around—
The tender blade of grass, the lovely flower,
The air we breathe, the water purely fresh
That falls upon the earth in welcome shower.

This power of life, imparted by our God,
Under whose laws divine great Nature moves,
The human understanding fails to grasp,
Or comprehend the depths ; the impulse proves
Life out of so-called death, through all we see ;
There is no death, but changes to us come—
To all things mortal, natural and free,
Throughout all matter in our earthly-home.

No part is lost of this omnipotence ;
As well might cease to be the Great Divine,
Whose fixed and wondrous laws immutable
Forever will remain, and all combine ;
All life is law, throughout great Nature's range ;
It from decaying matter starts anew,
And passes through a change, in all its forms,
Each varied wondrous part, all Nature through.

This life seems short, and filled with bitter strife ;
The change called death doth claim its victims soon ;
But change, remember, is not death, but life,
And gives to us a bright and glorious boon ;

The richest gift bestowed upon mankind
Comes thro' this law, which God ordained to be—
The glorious crown, Eternal Life to all,
When Nature's change is passed, and we are free.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

The years fly by on rapid wing,
And bear us on o'er life's great sea ;
Sweet echoing symphonies still ring,
Whose music deep has ceased to be.

We view the changes wrought around,
And see to men our children grow ;
They, too, the cup of life have found
Holds mixtures of both joy and wo.

It seems but yesterday to me
Since baby fair, with lisping tongue,
Was prattling gayly on my knee,
As round my neck the white arms clung.

They leave our arms, they leave our homes,
To tread the path we too have trod—
To find the trials that will come
To all mankind, as on they plod.

Now memory only fills the place
Where childish charms held kingly sway ;
Oh ! time or change will ne'er efface
The pleasure of that blissful day.

ANGEL WHISPERINGS.

The pearly tear-drops quickly start
When memory roams o'er scenes gone by,
And touches chords within the heart,
That deep in slumbrous silence lie.

MEDITATION.

Do our loved ones wait our coming, do they love us as of
old ?

Will the future years before us all these longing thoughts
unfold ?

Will they clear away the shadows that surround our
finite minds—

Free the spirits from the thralldom that so firm our being
binds ?

Do they sometimes long to clasp us—feel the parting
hours are long ?

Do old memories sometimes haunt them when among the
spirit throng ?

Do the well-remembered visions bring our souls to them
more near ?

And the sunshine that oft greets us, is it their sweet
smile of cheer ?

Haste, oh ! blissful, sweet reunion, we will welcome
death's decree,

Since it opens the gates of Heaven, sets our weary spirits
free—

Free to roam the fields elysian, free to dwell with those
we love,
Far beyond these gloomy shadows, in eternal realms
above.

FOR THE GOOD THAT WE CAN DO.

We live upon the earth, my dear,
For the good that we can do ;
To give our aid to weaker ones,
And to strengthen them anew ;
To feed the hungry, who perchance
Have abandoned every hope—
Lie crushed beneath some scathing wrong,
Or amid dark shadows grope.

We live upon the earth, my dear,
For the love we can bestow ;
To cheer each soul within our reach,
As we journey here below ;
To point the way to virtue's path,
And in every trouble share
With those who need our help and love—
We can find them everywhere.

We live upon the earth, my dear,
For the help that we can lend
To those who tread the paths of sin—
We must ever be their friend,
And strive to raise the fallen ones
From the depths of sin and wrong,

To higher, nobler walks of life,
From the paths they've trod so long.

We live upon the earth, my dear,
For the friends that love us true ;
To minister to earthly wants,
For the good that we can do ;
We live to sit by beds of pain,
And to point to life above ;
To soothe the weary, sinking souls—
Those who need our tender love.

We live upon the earth, my dear,
That we sow good growing seeds,
That we may find in heaven's home
Goodly fruit from noble deeds ;
To make our future dwelling-place
An abode of rapture dear ;
For we shall reap our harvest there
From the seeds we sow while here.

IS LIFE A DREAM ?

Is this transient life a dream ?
Are all pleasures what they seem—
Joy and bliss, rare gifts sublime,
Strewn along the path of time ?

On we follow, through the maze,
Passing many fleeting days—

Knowing not the end at last,
For we only view the past.

View it through a hazy glow,
Sun-bright paths, and those of wo;
Many dim, unfathomed skies
In unreal grandeur rise.

Can we grasp one real joy,
Free from shadows or alloy?—
Clasp it in a fond embrace,
As we swiftly run life's race?

Are these structures where we dwell
Only dust that serves us well
As a covering for the soul,
Ere we reach our longed-for goal?

Is there bliss or heartfelt sorrow
Waiting us upon the morrow?
Will that step upon our way
Find us happier than to-day?

Is this life a troubled dream,
Without one clear radiant beam
From the future life above,
Where all dwell in perfect love?

Can we make our lives sublime—
Mark upon the sands of time
Deep and lasting letters grand
That life's waters shall withstand?

Live for purity and worth,
While we dwell upon the earth ;
Make a record that will shine
Brightly in our home divine.

Cast aside all jealous fear,
Ever strive sad hearts to cheer,
As we drift adown life's stream,
Asking, " Is it all a dream ?"

FATALITY.

How strange a doctrine was by Zeno taught !
And yet he drew adherents to the cause—
Those who believed the stoic's teachings true,
That man must yield to Fate's unbending laws—
Those who with zealous faith averred that God
Could not remove the never-changing ban ;
Invincible necessity was king—
The sovereign ruler o'er the life of man.

And all must bow to stern fatality,
The ruthless law that actually compelled,
And man could have no choice however much
The aspirations of the soul rebelled !
How strange a faith, when Nature to us speaks,
Through all the elements of vital force,
Proclaiming powers deified control,
And not the Fates, the soul's progressive course.

How many strange delusions of the past
Have sunk into the shades of endless night,
To be replaced by teachings more advanced,
That come from God's eternal realm of light ?
They come to earth on wings of living truth,
That through the darkened mists of error fly,
And pave with shining stars the upward course
That leads to endless life beyond the sky.

GOD'S TIME.

I am content to wait God's time,
To tread the paths of care and strife,
Ere I shall gain the heights sublime
Within the realms of endless life.

Through barren wastes and dreary wilds
My shrinking soul in silence passed ;
I've trodden rough and dark defiles,
And gained the level plain at last.

I've drained the cup of bitter grief—
Have passed it by ; now all is still ;
My aching heart has found relief ;
I meekly bow unto His will.

The fountains of my grief are dried ;
The waters all are swept away ;
The rays of hope my footsteps guide,
And sweet content holds quiet sway.

It folds me in its mantle warm,
It forms a pillow for my head,
It shields me from the chilling storm,
And banishes all bitter dread.

Its ever-soothing charm will hide
The dart that through my heart was sent,
As I drift on the placid tide
Of quiet, undisturbed content.

I am content to wait God's time,
Until he opes my spirit-sight,
Revealing a more blissful clime
Of heavenly peace and pure delight.

I wait in patience ; storms are passed ;
Their force is o'er and fury spent ;
I rest within the arms, at last,
Of constant, loving, sweet content.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

Sow not thy seeds with careless hand,
And think not of thy reaping ;
They'll take deep root within the land,
To bless or curse the sower's hand—
The crop within thy keeping.

For seeds of ill will grow as well
As seeds of good you're sowing ;
The harvest the true tale will tell,

If good or ill your harvest swell—
You'll reap what has been growing.

Those cruel words and careless deeds
You think are safely sleeping
You'll find are quick and growing seeds,
And bring forth noxious bitter weeds,
To curse thy future reaping.

Ne'er crush with vexing, stinging word
The heart thou most shouldst cherish ;
Thy taunts will soon cease to be heard—
That heart will seek those more preferred,
And other loves will nourish.

You'll soon be left without that heart
You thought was all-abiding ;
It cannot bear the double part—
Withstand the cruel, piercing dart,
Be gentle and confiding.

When it has nought to keep alive
The little spark there gleaming,
It will not brighten, burn and thrive ;
No matter how much it may strive,
That spark will cease its beaming.

And when in after years you reap
The crop that has been growing,
With bitter tears and anguish deep,
When you alone your vigils keep,
Remember 'tis your sowing.

OUR DARLING.

She came to us in autumn,
And we called her Falling Leaf—
Our winsome blue-eyed darling—
But her earthly life was brief ;
She came when flowers were dying,
When the leaves were brown and sear ;
The little birds were flying
To their southern homes of cheer.

She came when leaves were rustling
In the path beneath our tread ;
The sunny days of summer
With their heated breath had fled ;
The air was chill and frosty,
As the evening shades drew near,
And sighed among the branches
Dirges for the waning year.

Our darling came as sunshine
Flooding all around with cheer ;
Her soft sweet tones resounded
In low birdlike warbles clear ;
Ere she had learned to utter
What her eyes the meaning gave,
The cords of love had bound us,
Making each a willing slave.

She dwelt within our circle
When the fields were clothed in white ;
The water in the fountain
Shone in crystals clear and bright ;

The brooks had ceased their music,
And were wrapped in silence deep ;
The pansies and the lilies
In their beds were fast asleep.

And silently we watched her,
As the breath of spring drew near ;
She sang her warble faintly,
But her little voice was clear ;
We saw the azure fading
That had shown in darling's eyes ;
We knew that soon the angels
Would convey her to the skies.

The gentle wind is wafted
O'er the fast awakening earth ;
The snow and ice have vanished,
And the brooks regained their mirth ;
The little birds are singing
Once again among the trees ;
The early flowers diffusing
Their sweet fragrance on the breeze.

The air in floating zephyrs
Is perfumed with sweets of spring,
And wafted o'er the meadows,
Where the choirs of Nature sing ;
The little plants are peeping
From the earth into the light—

From beds where they've been sleeping
In the darkness, hid from sight.

They bloom in grace and splendor
For a day, our souls to cheer,
And then they droop and wither,
Slowly fade, and disappear ;
As chill the wind of autumn
Oft returns, in constant round,
They yield unto its mandate,
And fall gently to the ground.

Our Falling Leaf came to us
When bleak autumn shed her tears
For beauties that had vanished
When the year in gloom appears ;
She left us in the spring-time,
When all nature seems to sing,
To bloom in endless beauty,
In a warm eternal spring.

We miss our little darling,
So pure and undefiled—
The music of her prattle,
That our lonely hours beguiled ;
We think with love undying
Of the span that was so brief,
When we clasped our little angel,
Our sweet darling, Falling Leaf.

WHERE DAISIES GROW.

We folded hands so cold and white,
For one more soul had crossed the sea—
Had gained the unknown shore beyond,
And there will wait to welcome me ;
We placed the form so dearly loved
In his last bed, so still and low—
Laid him away when all was fair,
Just where the lovely daisies grow.

The birds were singing in the trees,
The winds the rustling branches stirred ;
But deaf to all around were we,
For "dust to dust" was all we heard ;
We turned away and left him there,
With sorrow keen as earth can know—
Left him in silent calm repose,
Where pure white daisies ever grow.

The summers come, the summers go,
The daisies bloom, the robins sing,
The waters in the fountains play,
All nature seems with joy to ring,
As oft I seek the flowery mound,
With heart grown calm—for well I know
The mortal only lies beneath
The snow-white bed where daisies grow.

And if perchance a stranger asks
Who sleeps beneath the blossoms white,
I say, "A form I fondly loved,
Whose presence made life's pathway bright—

The dearest treasure of my life,
Whose spirit waits for me, I know,
In realms beyond this mortal strife,
Where fragrant spirit-daisies grow."

BECAUSE WE MUST.

We do not tread the path we would—
The way we most admire,
Where dwelleth every seeming good,
To feed each fond desire ;
But ever turn and face the blast,
Which often seems unjust ;
But why life's pleasures from us cast ?
It is because we must.

Stern duty points her fiery dart
The way our feet must go ;
The cherished idols of the heart
Lie buried just below
The ashes over which we tread ;
Lain there in sacred trust,
We bid them slumber with the dead,
Because forsooth we must.

For circumstances all combine
To thwart our dearest plans ;
They counter-duties us assign,
Not bound with silken bands,

But those of firm, unyielding steel,
Not weakened e'en by rust ;
We bow without one faint appeal,
For fate declares we must.

When all is past of earth's lone march,
Our idols shall arise,
And greet us 'neath the seven-hued arch
That spans the earth and skies ?
Then duty shall be changed to love,
For nought exists unjust .
In God's progressive realms above—
But Love says there we must.

THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW.

The sad old life has drifted past,
Laden with sunshine, grief and tears ;
The volume has been closed—at last
'Tis laid aside with all its fears ;
Within its hidden depths abound
Wild arid desert, barren plain ;
No herbage green or fresh is found—
For verdant fields you'd search in vain.

But desolation there we find,
O'er all this waste of barren years—

Not e'en content to cheer the mind,
But bitter, haunting, anxious fears ;
And phantoms stalk with noiseless tread,
Dark flitting shadows hover round,
To fill the soul with constant dread,
And keep it firm in fetters bound.

The sad old life has run its race ;
I turn my back upon the past
And look beyond, with beaming face,
To brighter, greener fields, at last—
To pleasant sky and verdant plain,
To leafy bowers and flowery meads,
To sunny paths, where I shall gain
Refreshing strength for all my needs.

The calm new life which now draws near
Enshrouds me with its wrappings fair,
While far away sweet sounds I hear—
Harmonious music on the air ;
So strange it seems, without a tear,
That oft I ask, with happy heart,
"What's wrought the change ?" but all I hear
Is, "Do thy work ; fulfill thy part."

I would fulfill my mission well—
With willing heart and ready hand,
Would ever strive the truth to tell
To all the world, on sea and land—
To sow the seed upon the soil,
That it may grow and flourish there ;

I'll be repaid for all my toil
With happy thoughts and blessings rare.

I've left the old life just behind—
Have closed the book, with all its tears ;
A few dark shadows still I find—
A few reflections of those years ;
But just beyond, a brighter glow
Illumines all within my sight,
Dispelling dread and bitter wo,
And bathing all in rosy light.

I pray for guidance from above ;
May angels pure my path attend,
And ne'er withhold their tender love,
But ever strength and comfort lend ;
And may this new and brighter life,
The dawn of which I now can see,
Be full of sunshine, free from strife,
And all contending forces flee.

When far away, may I not feel
The reflex of these darkened days ;
But this new life in truth reveal
The sunny side unto my gaze ;
And when my work on earth is o'er,
The welcome words may I then hear :
"Well done ; pass through the mystic door ;
Removed be every doubt and fear."

LOVE.

I planted a seed, little thinking
It would grow in my garden of trust,
As I placed it away in the darkness,
Underneath a damp cover of dust.

But soon, from the darkness that held it,
A new shoot sought the great central sun,
And the tiny seed, smooth and most perfect,
Burst in twain—a new life had begun.

I watched it with eager devotion,
For its life was commingled with mine ;
All the strength and sweet sustenance taken
Emanated from well-springs divine.

It grew in rare grandeur and beauty ;
Velvet leaves soon began to unfold,
Edged with many-hued tints like the rainbow,
While the centers were brilliant as gold.

I watered it well with affection—
For an essence most subtle and fine
Formed a firm dual link, which grew brighter
Till it shone with a lustre divine.

Perfect buds soon appeared in profusion,
Bursting forth into Nature's sweet birth,
Clothed in beauty too fragile and tender
To belong to this grief-stricken earth.

Rare blossoms soon greeted my vision,
Which were nameless to creatures below ;

For the pure, subtle form of expression
The dull children of earth do not know.

The sweet perfume is wafted around me,
But its name too is wholly unknown—
For it comes from the regions supernal,
From the fountain of God, near the throne.

I worship my beautiful treasure,
As I see it expand with the years ;
Yet I know many crystals that glitter
On its leaves are not dew-drops, but tears.

This beautiful plant that is growing
In the fair blooming garden of trust
Will be placed in the realms of the angels,
Far above earthly tear-drops and dust.

'Twill grow in the land of the Real,
In the Garden of Beauty above ;
Would you know the sweet name of this treasure ?
It is God's priceless blessing, called Love.

A VISION---OR MY DREAM.

One great cloud of inky blackness
Covered over all the West,
As I gazed in perfect silence,
Without joy, or peace, or rest,
Wondering why the mass so blackened
Should so thickly settle there,
When, behold ! it slowly rises,
Leaving all below it fair.

Just a narrow streak of silver
 Could be seen low in the west,
As I gazed in earnest wonder,
 Filled with sadness and unrest ;
Steadily the mass kept lifting,
 Slowly rolling up the sky ;
On and on it still moved upward
 Till it reached the zenith high.

Now the western sky was gleaming
 With a soft and mellow light ;
Not a cloud to mar the beauty
 Of the grand and glorious sight ;
For the cloud had moved far backward,
 Changed from black to leaden hue ;
Then I turned, still filled with wonder,
 As I wished the east to view.

There, to my surprise, was standing
 A vast structure, wide and high,
Which completely veiled the vision
 All along the eastern sky ;
At my side a guide seemed waiting,
 And she said, in accents low :
" You and I this place must enter—
 We must through this building go."

This we entered ; all was silent,
 As we crossed the structure vast ;
When we reached the eastern limit,
 From the door our eyes we cast ;
Just before us rolled a river,
 Broad and murky in its flow,

While above the turbid water
That dark cloud was hanging low.

But, beyond this sullen water,
I beheld a charming sight—
Verdancy and floral beauty,
All aglow with radiant light ;
Walks I saw, of marble smoothness,
Running through this Eden fair—
Drooping vines, in graceful festoons,
Swaying gently in the air.

Trees I saw with flowers low-laden ;
All around seemed filled with cheer ;
Harmony and beauty blended
Grandly in that blissful sphere ;
Soon my guide began to question—
Said once more, in accents low :
“ Will you too now cross the river ?
Of those beauties would you know ? ”

I then answered her, in sadness :
“ No, not yet ; more labor here
My weak efforts must accomplish
Ere I gain that land of cheer ;
But may he who crossed the river
Ever revel in the light ;
And may God, the bounteous giver,
Make his pathway smooth and bright.”

The vision then vanished ;
I awakened from sleep ;
The scene I've ne'er banished—
For its impress was deep ;

The picture so vivid
And real did seem,
What seer can I summon
To interpret my dream?

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

Through the blue ether of the glorious sky,
There came a presence on the silent air—
Came down to earth and fondly hovered nigh,
In pure angelic beauty, wondrous fair.

A quiet hush fell over all around,
And held a silent reign of rapture sweet ;
And my awakened senses almost found
The pearly gates, where earth and heaven meet.

No human voice arose, with jarring sound,
To break the strong magnetic chord sublime ;
But sweet, enchanting thought each spirit bound,
Which counted not the dropping sands of time.

This presence spake in language clear and plain,
Which thrilled my soul or inner spirit sense,
Of present griefs, of future bliss to gain,
Which would for sufferings here be recompense.

It sang a song with voice divinely sweet,
To light the way and bid all sorrow flee ;

The blest assurance let me here repeat,
And give you what the angel sang to me :

"Fair child of earth, clothed in gray robes of care,
Whose harp now hangs upon the willow, mute,
You shall with me celestial beauties share,
And music sweet shall vibrate from thy lute.

"The willow, with its weeping branches low,
Is not a fitting place for chords divine ;
Remove it from that spot and forward go
Till you the joys of earth and heaven combine.

"Drive back the shadows that would thee enshroud,
And bid the sunlight come where dwelleth gloom,
That the bright dew-drop resting in the cloud
May kiss with love the tiny buds to bloom.

"Remove those robes of gray, and don pure white,
More fitting for the heir of heavenly love ;
And on thy brow shall shine a crown of light—
A welcome gift from fairer realms above."

The angel paused, the music died away ;
My soul was filled with peace and calm delight,
And more intensely shone each heavenly ray
As this fair visitant now winged her flight.

I seemed as one entranced with silent awe ;
And yet my spirit knew no more of grief ;
I was amazed at what I heard and saw,
But the fair visitor had brought relief.

RETROSPECT.

Oh ! shall I never wander
In churchyard old again,
Or sit and rest when weary
By graves mid blossoms sweet?
And there review time's pages,
All save its bitter pain,
Amid the welcome silence
That governs that retreat?

I think I know, in substance,
The lessons life has taught,
The shimmering web of fancy
That o'er the cradle grew,
While glancing rays of sunlight
The slender threads have caught,
Which give it strength and beauty,
And flood with life anew.

The roses fair and fragrant
Run riot o'er the spot
Where oft I loved to linger
In early childhood days ;
I'd wonder if the loved ones
My love had all forgot,
Or were they close beside me
Though hidden from my gaze?

Oh ! shall I seek that city,
When years have onward flown,
And there, amid the silence,
Again unite the chain

That bound me to those loved ones
I ever call my own?
Would it subdue the sorrow,
Or would it strengthen pain?

The friends that most we worship
Death's hand seems to remove
Beyond our reach in seeming;
We cannot pierce the veil
That covers mortal vision;
Eternal life will prove
The strength of each heart's loving—
'Twill surely tell the tale.

THE GOOD TIME NOW.

We often hear the words expressed
Of a good time yet to be;
Somewhere within the future years,
A good time we all shall see;
For all must find some happiness—
'Tis the lot of every one,
Somewhere along this mortal life,
Ere our race is wholly run.

A good time surely waits for all;
That is what some prophets say;
But think you not we oft forget
That the best time is to-day?

We cannot see what clouds may rise
To obscure to-morrow's sky ;
We'd best improve the present hour
Than to wait the by-and-by.

The present is as bright perhaps
As the future e'er will be ;
The earth is just as green and fair,
And as beautiful to see ;
Our tide of life runs just as smooth,
And our hopes are quite as high
As they will be in future days,
In the talked-of by-and-by.

No need to wait for future bliss,
Which some prophet, sage, or seer,
Has wisely said is just at hand,
Close within the coming year ;
But strive at once for that good time
That we're told is drawing nigh,
For surely 'twould be better now
Than to wait till by-and-by.

As bright a hope will dawn to-day
As will bless the coming years ;
Then why should we rely upon
The said oracle of seers ?
'Tis better far to gain the prize
By our own true, earnest will
Than wait for time to do the work,
And our wishes to fulfill.

This world is not a thing of chance,
Without laws that govern well—

For all the voices of the air
Of a mighty Godhead tell,
Who rules by laws of His decree
And directs with godly sway ;
Who never waits for coming time,
But improves the fair to-day.

Then do not wait for future bliss,
And remain in shadows drear,
Believing that some future time
Will surround your life with cheer ;
But grasp the present good that flies,
Which with joys must thee endow ;
Whate'er the future has in store,
Hold ye fast the good time now.

FAREWELL TO EARTH.

Farewell, oh ! Earth ! I soon shall leave
Thy lovely scenes, which never seemed
So fair as now. My fleeting span
Of earthly life is almost run,
And soon my spirit-feet shall tread
The unknown shores of Paradise.

Raise me, my love, that I may see
The beauties of the sunset sky—
Perchance my last, oh ! lovely scenes !
Yon bright and rosy-tinted sky,

The placid lake, so calm and still,
That lies beneath the light-crowned hills ;
The waving trees in beauty dressed,
The fleecy cloudlets floating on,
Illumined by the rosy tint
Of the departing orb of day.

The gentle breezes fan my brow,
As welcome as the whisperings
Of angels in the hush of night,
Or their caress, which falls as light
And gently as the breath of prayer.

And must I say farewell to scenes
Like this, and drift away beyond
This earth, to regions unexplored ?
Oh ! life beyond, what dost thou hold
For me in thy unfathomed realms ?
Are other skies serenely fair,
And shall I gaze on unviewed scenes
More beautiful, of which I dream ?
Do kindred spirits hover near
To welcome me and lead the way
Into those hidden mysteries
I soon shall know ?

Farewell, oh ! Earth—
Bright sunset skies and light-crowned hills !
Farewell, old scenes, where oft I've strayed
In childhood's bright and sunny hours ;
I drift away from thy loved shores,
Into the unknown realms beyond,
Encircled by the loving arm
Of Great Infinity.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The All-Wise Shepherd feeds his sheep,
And ever tender watch doth keep
O'er all the flock, by night and day,
And closely guards, lest some may stray
And lose their way among the hills,
Or wander by the little rills
Into by-paths, dark, bleak and cold,
Far distant from the Shepherd's fold.

His pastures green are safe and fair,
Surrounded by love's watchful care,
And silvery crystal streamlets glide
Through verdant dells and valleys wide ;
The living waters, we are told,
Flow close beside the Shepherd's fold—
A place of safety, strong and warm,
Protected from the wind and storm.

The little lambs are quite secure
That frolic by those waters pure,
Or gambol through the shady bowers,
Amid the fair and fragrant flowers,
Content and happy in their home,
As near the fold they safely roam,
Forever guarded from above
By the good Shepherd's boundless love.

He watches all, both great and small,
Extending love and care o'er all ;
He feeds them freely evermore
With heavenly food He has in store ;

He loves the flock and will protect,
Not one of them will He neglect,
But His untiring vigil hold
Till all are safe within the fold.

WILL YOU MISS ME?

Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
From your home upon the earth,
When no tempests mar my slumbers,
When I've gained the heavenly birth—
Lain aside all heavy burdens,
Run this short but weary race—
Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
Will there be a vacant place?

Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
When I rest, so calm and sweet,
With forget-me-nots above me—
Vines of myrtle at my feet?
When my tired hands are folded,
Will you feel one throb of pain
That my earthly presence by you
You will never know again?

Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
When the meadow lands are gay—
When the ice-bound brooks are melted,
And the snow has passed away ;

When God's jewels, pure and dewy,
Cluster on the blossoms fair,
When the fields are filled with fragrance,
Will you miss my presence there ?

Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
When the groves are filled with song ?
When the prairies blush with roses,
Will I seem to tarry long ?
And as time still passes onward,
Bringing many smiles and tears,
Will you miss and cherish ever
These eventful fickle years ?

Will you miss me, oh ! my darling,
Will the song die on your lips ?
In the twilight's mellow gloaming,
Will you feel my finger-tips ?
As my spirit-hands shall clasp you
In a loving, fond embrace,
As I nestle close beside you,
In my old accustomed place ?

I will ever linger near you—
Guide you all your journey through,
Cheer your spirit in its sorrow,
Freshen every flower with dew ;
I will love you and caress you,
Make you feel my presence near ;
You will know me, oh ! my darling—
My low voice you'll surely hear.

In the early hush of morning,
In the evening's quiet reign,
You will feel and know me, darling ;
I will soothe and calm all pain—
Guide your weary footsteps onward
Till you reach the unknown shore,
Where, in happy, sweet reunion,
We will meet to part no more.

IMMORTALITY.

All the skill to mortals given,
All man's penetrating powers
Cannot open Nature's portals
Leading to immortal bowers.

But the spirit to man cometh,
On the silent wings of love,
Bringing never-fading blossoms
From immortal realms above.

Silent ministers of gladness,
Coming to our rocky shore,
Every creature bids them welcome—
Hail ! all hail, forevermore !

Brilliant rays of inspiration,
In a never-ending flow,
Emanate from this fair region,
Flooding all the world below.

Thus humanity discovers,
Faintly through a darkened lens,
What awaits the fettered spirit
When this short probation ends.

For we have the golden promise
Of a future home above,
Safe in God's eternal kingdom,
Governed by the laws of Love.

Never ending, never ceasing,
Human wisdom cannot see
All the glories that embody
Blissful immortality.

INCOMPLETE.

Human life is full of sorrow ;
Earthly children strive to borrow,
From the dim uncertain morrow,
Healing balm for mortal dearth—
Strive to cull life's honeyed sweetness
From the sphere of incompleteness,
As Time hurls them with his fleetness
O'er their journey on the earth.

Bright the beams of youth's fair morning,
Love and trust the path adorning—
For the phantoms give no warning,
As they spread the net of care ;

Just beneath the blooming roses,
Silently the net reposes,
And the noiseless web soon closes
O'er their pleasures unaware.

Ere distrust, with bitter feeling,
Taught the lesson of concealing,
Or the art of double-dealing
With the comrades on the way—
Ere the heart knew ought of aching,
Or the least resistance making,
With the foe that planned its breaking,
All these in the shadows lay.

Innocence, the blind believer,
Clasps the hand of the deceiver,
And old Time, the tireless weaver,
Firmly binds each changing thread—
Often joyous shades forgetting,
As he weaves life's checkered netting,
But with nimble fingers setting
Sorrow's signet in their stead.

But we have a strong suspicion
That, beyond earth's frail condition,
Each will find his true position,
Where no strifes or conflicts meet,
There to realize the waking,
After earth's short journey taking,
And all human ills forsaking,
In this sphere so incomplete.

OUR HERITAGE.

Our heritage hath pleasant fields,
And no contending force
Is ever hedging up the path
To turn us from our course ;
But harmony forever dwells
In that sublime ideal,
The home to which we're journeying,
The lasting and the real.

The structures of our heritage
Are unsurpassing grand ;
They're builded by our noble deeds,
While in this transient land ;
They're brightened by unselfish love,
Pure sympathy and truth ;
Within that heritage we find
The gift, eternal youth.

We're told our heritage is free
From all conflicting fears—
That harmony in beauty reigns,
In those progressive spheres,
Where we shall dwell in converse sweet,
Relieved from vexing cares,
And there receive the title-deeds
And enter as the heirs.

When we shall gain our heritage,
Within the summer land :
For we are all the legal heirs
Of that great wealth so grand ;

We then shall know and understand,
For death the clue will give
To the solution which we seek
Of what it is to live.

MEET ME AT THE GATE.

My dear and cherished friend, farewell ;
You'll soon be free and soar away,
And leave the casket, where you dwell—
This weak and crumbling mortal clay ;
Ere setting sun, we feel and know
The change will come ; you'll be at rest ;
The cord will break and you will go
To brighter regions of the blest.

No more of doubt or raging pain
Will cause your fainting soul to shrink ;
But your freed spirit then will gain
The beauteous realm beyond the brink ;
I faintly hear the muffled oar
Of that small boat upon the tide ;
'Twill safely pass along the shore,
Beyond the vale you'll smoothly glide.

This parting will not be for long ;
We shall join hands again, I know,
And sweetly warble in the song
Of victory over doubts below ;

You'll meet again and dwell in love
With those across the mystic stream,
In glorious realms of God above,
Of which we mortals only dream.

A message I would have you bear
To one who once on earth was dear :
Tell him I miss his loving care,
Although I sometimes feel him near ;
Tell him I often weary grow
Of toil and grief, while here I wait
My mission to fulfill below ;
Tell him to meet me at the gate.

You knew him well in years gone by,
Ere first the frost had nipped the flowers ;
You knew the fond and living tie
That bound our hearts in those bright hours,
Ere Fate's cold hand was stretched above
To crush the hope, that here did dwell,
And thickly shadow that dear love,
And sadly toll hope's dying knell.

Tell him my heart is fond and true,
Although long years have rolled between ;
Tell him the flowers are fresh with dew,
The leaves are beautiful and green ;
Do not forget, but bear in mind
This message which I now restate :
Tell him I shall expect to find
His loving presence at the gate.

WOMAN.

As backward we gaze, o'er the cycles of time,
And view the beginning of earth's primal morn,
Ere woman had entered her boundless domain,
As angel of love to the millions unborn—

The picture presented is far from complete,
Although the prospective is perfectly wrought ;
'Tis merely the outline, not yet well defined,
But time with its changes the high lights have
brought.

First man was created—'tis thus we are taught—
Then woman was made of a rib from his side—
Companion for man—yea, a part of himself—
But, being the least, he her footsteps must guide.

Her place for long years was as serf unto man,
For might ruled the world in the years that are past ;
And yet, unperceived, she was forming a plan
To bring all the world in subjection at last.

We'll follow this life-picture down through the years :
Behold how frail hands can in glory arise !
'Tis her snowy fingers that now twine the wreaths—
Her love that forms all of the earth's fondest ties.

In silence she sought a position to gain,
But slowly indeed was her banner unfurled ;
At last it is floating in splendor above,
And man bows to woman, the queen of the world.

More potent her power than are millions in arms ;
'Tis formed of the pure golden fibers of love ;
It never can die, but will ever endure—
Eternally reign in the Queendom above.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Set it floating on the sea,
For, some time in the hereafter,
It will all return to thee.

Be not cast-down or forsaken ;
Angel bands thy troubles know ;
They will calm the tossing billows
You are stemming here below.

When the weary battle's over,
Firmly then thy feet shall stand,
No swift eddying undercurrent
Drifting thee away from land.

Peace and joy will then be given,
Resting safe with those we love ;
When the storms of life are over,
Thou and I will meet above.

Thou didst scatter bread unspairing,
Which through hardships thou didst earn ;
But the billows yield their treasures,
And to thee it will return.

Dost thou see that gallant vessel
On the ocean's hoary breast,
That's withstood the mad'ning whirlwind,
Safely nearing peaceful rest?

Steadily 'tis sailing forward
O'er the placid deep blue sea ;
Silently she's coming toward us—
Heavy laden she must be.

Gracefully she makes the harbor,
Even as a thing of life ;
Surely 'tis a scene of beauty—
Nought of discord's jarring strife.

Do you see the colors floating
From the topmast, straight and true?
There upon that shining banner
Are inscribed these words for you :

" We have safely reached our haven,
Bringing with us treasures rare,
For with gold we're heavy laden,
Which we'll freely with you share.

" Come on board our gallant vessel ;
She the angry waves has braved,
And behold the treasures costly
That your crumbs of bread have saved.

" For, when out upon the ocean,
Tossed about by wind and wave,
On our path your bread came floating,
Us to nourish and to save.

Then, with new-found strength and courage,
Joyfully we braved the sea,
And these treasures safely bring we
As a just reward to thee.'

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

The love that fills the human heart,
And gushes forth in kindly word,
Is but the echoing notes that start,
The deeper music ne'er is heard ;
The kisses warm, the fond caress,
That strive affection's depths to show,
But feebly can the force express
Of love's mysterious undertow.

The outward signs that we behold
Are but the covering thick and dry ;
The precious gem, so tried and old,
Within the depths will safely lie ;
No strength of hand, no power of will,
Can these resistless forces hold ;
And only answering chords can thrill
Or clasp it with its bands of gold.

These answering chords with beauty blend
In harmonies divinely sweet—
Rare symphonies, that ever lend
Delight and rapture when they meet ;
True as the magnet to the steel,
These answering melodies intense

Will ever live, and time will seal
These lives with love's true recompense.

We ne'er can prove the depths divine
Wrapped in this dark gray chrysalis,
But in the higher life 'twill shine
With no dark covering, as in this ;
We then shall know and understand,
Through intuition's finer sense,
The import of these beauties grand,
And each receive love's recompense,

NATURE'S EXTREMES.

After the noonday, approacheth the night ;
After the darkness, the clear morning light ;
Tempests of terror are followed by calm ;
Hearts that are broken receive Heaven's balm ;
Fair, fragile blossoms, with delicate breath,
Seething volcanoes, with fierce flames of death,
All have a place in the infinite plan,
Always complete, but unfathomed by man.

Nature hath furies impressively grand,
Sweet soothing music delightfully bland ;
Sickness and death countless blessings portend—
Ceaseless progression in life without end.

LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER.

The softest chords within the human heart,
The sweetest song that angels ever sing,
Is, "Love ye one another evermore,"
Which thro' the heavenly realms will ever ring.

These chords oft lie beneath the gathering dust,
Neglected and unused ; we know not why
We're doomed to march along life's desert drear,
Without their music sweet to satisfy.

We long and sigh for sweet and heavenly strains,
To cheer us on our journey here below,
But sigh in vain ; the strings are all untouched,
As onward o'er the rugged path we go.

And yet we know that melodies sublime
Would ring out sweetly, most divinely grand,
If dust were cleared and strings were lightly swept
By the skilled fingers of the master hand.

The chords of love are true, and never die ;
We know that they exist and will endure ;
But long for some expressive sign to prove
Their future resurrection day is sure.

We do not doubt, but still our hearts oft ache
With bitter pain to know the strings are mute,
And covered with the debris of the years,
As some unused, neglected silent lute.

The notes are dumb, we shrink with voiceless fear,
And leave the longed-for, hoped-for words unsaid,

As here, beside the ones we love the best,
In dismal silence, still we onward tread.

We onward tread through life's great mazes wild,
Until we reach the end—to Heaven draw near,
Where we shall find the chords of love survive
Whose music sweet immortal souls shall hear.

As angel voices wake the joyous strains,
In sweetest harmonies on Heaven's shore,
The song celestial which they clearly sing
Is, "Love ye one another evermore."

GROWING OLD.

We meet again the friends of old,
When years have glided on apace,
And we behold that time has told
Its tale in each remembered face.

And earnestly we wondering seek
The changes that are surely wrought,
And yet the thoughts we do not speak,
Nor even hint that we have sought.

We wonder if we too appear
So far beyond youth's blooming May;
We scan the past and sadly fear
We're growing wrinkled, old and gray.

The brilliant blossoms from the tree
Of life have fallen to decay,
But precious fruit thereon we see,
Which tells us time will not delay.

'Twill fall to earth, when fully ripe,
To the great mother of us all ;
She will receive, and time will wipe
Out every vestige of our fall.

CLAUDINE.

Modest Claudine, gentle maiden, dwelling in her quiet
place,
Sorrow ne'er her life had laden, robbing her of charming
grace ;
Very fair and winsome was she, as with deft and dainty
hands
She arranged her jet-black tresses, braiding them in
shining bands.

Sweet as zephyrs in the meadow, when the new-mown
hay appears ;
Eyes as black as midnight darkness, knowing nought of
bitter tears,
Gleaming with a merry twinkle from beneath her clus-
tering hair,
Which in elfin grace was falling over temples white and
fair.

She was queen of all the village, idol of her father's heart,
Who was ever proud and happy, doing his unselfish part ;
His spare locks were white as silver ; many furrows in his brow
Had been plowed by time's sure process, which ne'er tells us when or how.

He a pleasant home had builded near the village of Dundee,
Standing on a lovely hillside, overlooking land and sea ;
Shaded was this place of comfort by old giant trees of oak,
Where the birds found friendly shelter and the morning stillness broke.

Neatly painted were the porches, flowers were blooming all around,
And a little winding pathway led into the orchard ground ;
Farther down the sloping hillside stretched the pasture's charming green,
Dotted here and there with cattle, which enhanced the thrifty scene.

Towards the south the barns were builded, which had weathered many a storm ;
In the yard were fowls and fillies, standing in the sunshine warm ;

Brilliant peacocks proudly strutted undisturbed through
field and yard,
And the trusty old Newfoundland ever kept his faithful
guard.

Barns were filled to overflowing with new hay and shi-
ning corn,
And the doves' low cooing floated on the air at early
morn,
Ever murmuring a love-song, whether fortune smiled or
frowned ;
Happiness seemed ever dwelling in the hearts of all
around.

Thus amid sweet peace and plenty lived the worthy far-
mer there,
While his lovely daughter, Claudine, kept the house
with greatest care ;
Many a youth cast earnest glances at the gentle, modest
maid,
But to woo her hand in marriage they were awkwardly
afraid.

Happy he whose tender glances were received with quiet
grace,
For it gave him strength and courage to advance in love's
fair race ;
But of all the youthful heroes who had gained a kindly
word
Walter only found a welcome ; no love vows but his were
heard.

Walter was the son of Aaron, blacksmith of the village
small,
Honest, faithful, pure and noble, held in high esteem by
all ;
Aaron loved the worthy farmer, and their children were
their pride ;
Fondly each now hoped that Claudine would become
young Walter's bride.

They had played around the anvil in their childhood's
early morn—
Gathered spring and summer blossoms Aaron's smithy to
adorn ;
Earnestly they'd watched the irons, as the fiery rods
were bent,
While the roaring forge was blazing and the sparks high
upward went.

There they watched the hoof that Aaron lifted in his
apron long,
As he rasped and neatly fitted hand-turned shoes of iron
strong,
Ever happy at his labor, happier still when he could
see
Those young, joyous, happy faces watching him so
earnestly.

Often, on autumnal evenings, when without the dark-
ness lay,
Filled with light was Aaron's smithy, brighter than the
brightest day,

They would linger close beside him, near the anvil, in
the light,
While the music of his hammer filled them with a wild
delight.

Seated on their sled in winter, swiftly down the hill
they'd glide,
Ever happy in their pastime, snugly seated side by
side ;
Thus the swift-winged time flew onward, bringing with
it years mature,
With the stern and trying duties of this life they must
endure.

Walter was both gay and valiant ; he was Aaron's joy
and pride,
Ever cheerful at his labor, gladdening all on every
side ;
Claudine had become a woman, with the heart and hopes
of one ;
She was called the belle of Dundee—fairly had the title
won.

Now the nights grew cold and longer, Autumn with her
magic wand
Had returned and flung her colors grandly over all the
land—
Richest robes of brown and scarlet, yellow tints to olive
green,
Hanging over all the landscape, in their beauty could be
seen.

Bees had hoarded well their honey, till the hives were
running o'er
With the products of their labor—they had richly filled
the store ;
Harvests had been neatly gathered, chilling winds began
to blow ;
All the signs foretold a winter cold and long, with drift-
ing snow.

Now began the reign of stillness ; rest and pleasure held
their sway ;
Summer with its heat departed—autumn's cool, refresh-
ing day ;
Soon a winter most inclement was expected by them
all—
For the husks were thick and heavy on the ears of corn
that fall.

Snug indoors, beside the fire-place, shielded from the
chilling blast,
Sat in elbow chair the farmer, as the flames their shadows
cast,
And the smoke curled up the fire-flue, nodding, mocking
in its race,
Dancing with fantastic motion, in a whirling, witching
grace.

Polished plates upon the dresser glittered in the flickering
light ;
Then they vanished in the darkness. while anon they glis-
tened bright ;

Thus the farmer sat in quiet, singing with a brow
serene ;
Close beside him sat his daughter, guileless, innocent
Claudine.

Deep in thought was the fair maiden, while her father
sang his song,
Thinking of the happy future, musing there in silence
long,
When, along the beaten footpath, welcome sound of foot-
steps neared ;
Well she knew who sought their dwelling ere his smiling
face appeared.

Soon her lover gayly entered, and with him his father
came ;
These friends always found a welcome, morning, noon or
night, the same ;
“ You are punctual,” said the farmer ; “ soon the notary
will be here,
To draw up the talked-of contract that will bless our
children dear.”

Then the notary public entered, with his pens and ink-
horn old ;
He was aged, bent and wrinkled, many years had on him
told ;
Drawing from his spacious pocket folded paper, long and
wide,
He inquired about the dower to be given to the
bride.

Writing with a steady, firm hand names and ages of the
pair,
As the farmer named the portion that he wished to be her
share,
At a distance, by the window, sat the lovers, side by
side,
Whispering in the curtain's shadow—gates of thought
thrown open wide.

Slowly now the moon had risen, shining o'er the placid
sea,
And the silvery, misty meadows, and the village of
Dundee ;
Silently the stars were twinkling in the firmament
above,
Brilliant jewels of the angels, speaking of supernal
love.

Brightly shone the sun, next morning, o'er the busy little
town—
O'er the vessels in the harbor, and the farmer's dwelling
brown ;
Long had active life been busy ere the golden gate of
day
Slowly oped on ruby hinges, ushering in the morning
gay.

Many a merry glad good morning made the lovely day
more fair,
As from the surrounding country youths and maidens
gathered there,

Coming gayly o'er the meadows, and far down the village street,
Gathering at the worthy farmer's, joyously their friends
to greet.

For that day was gentle Claudine to become an honored wife—

To resign her name and girlhood through this transient earthly life;

In the hall, where sunbeams clustered with their warm and cheering glow,

Were the tables for the feasters, spread with linen white as snow.

Happily her guests she welcomed, clad in simple dress of white,

With her dark hair neatly braided, while her black eyes sparkled bright;

Soon the priest was seen to enter, to perform his holy part,

And was met with greetings tender—for he bore a noble heart.

Then beneath an arch of blossoms, with her father at her side,

The young pair were joined in wedlock—Claudine was gay Walter's bride;

Soon, amid the merry music of young hearts all free from care,

They besieged the room adjoining, and partook of viands rare.

Happy were the worthy fathers, happier still the youthful pair ;
Joy seemed waiting in the future to remove the clouds of care ;
We will leave them in their pleasure, leave them in the sunshine bright ;
May they each receive full measure of the fondest pure delight.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

I think it was an angel dear
That came to me and said :
" Believe in me ; your friends are near ;
They surely are not dead.

" I'll tell you of the home above
That waits for all below,
Where dwell the elements of love
Of which all souls may know.

" I would that I could paint the sight—
Make thee to understand
The grandeur of that home of light—
The beauteous Summer-Land.

" Oh ! could I show the blossoms rare,
The crystal waters pure,

"The structures grand, the gardens fair,
That ever will endure.

"Earth's language fails the half to tell
Revealed to spirit sight—
The beauties grand, where all is well,
In realms of sweet delight.

"The scintillating rays of light
That gleam among the trees
Reflect their glory ever bright,
In crystal sapphire seas.

"Thou too shalt know of that fair clime—
The future life beyond,
And there shalt weld, in joy sublime,
Each rudely severed bond.

"Beyond the clouds which now enshroud
Thy short, weak human sight,
Are charming skies, without a cloud,
A region of delight.

"Uproot all selfish, noxious weeds,
And make thy garden fair ;
Protect the plants from goodly seeds
With constant, earnest prayer.

"And water them from fountains pure
Of gratitude and love,
That they may grow and well mature,
To grace thy home above."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The fairest web that Nature weaves,
Through all the changes of the year,
Is wrought in brilliant-tinted leaves
When Autumn says, "Lo ! I am here.

"I'll hang my flaming banners high
Upon the grand old forest trees,
And challenge the fair sunset sky
To blend her tints with greater ease.

"My royal robe I spread o'er all
The landscape, with unquestioned grace,
And all obey my potent call,
As I the magic beauties trace.

"From flaming red to russet brown,
From emerald green to golden hue,
My subjects royally I crown,
And thickly stud with pearly dew.

"No master-hand in skill can vie
With my unequaled pencilings,
When hoary winter draweth nigh,
And summer's flown on silent wings.

"The grandest beauties that are wrought,
Wherever fall my wondrous dyes,
The brilliant autumn leaves have caught,
And wear in their enchanting guise.

"But now chill breezes whisper low
The time is short for thee and thine ;

The white-robed king, your deadly foe,
Will say, 'These palaces are mine !' "

And thus it is: All matter yields
To Nature's strong subduing force,
As with an iron hand she deals
Delight and death from Being's Source.

THE SHIP OF LIFE.

The Ship of Life is launched upon the mighty ocean,
Time—
Is sent adrift where hidden reefs
Lie covered with the years ;
Unfathomed are the depths, untried the seas, of that new
clime.

As grandly forth this great ship sails, out on the bound-
less sea,
The fair new life unfurls with pride
Her colors to the breeze ;
They float with undulating grace, as yet from tempests
free.

She sails unmindful of the storms which will her path
assail,
Through many fair and sunny days,
Until dark clouds arise,

Roll up with awful grandeur high, and blows a fearful gale.

She quickly reefs the snowy sails, well bars the scuttled deck,
Casts forth the cheering anchor, Hope,
Into the depths of Time,
To hold the grand new Ship of Life, which hidden rocks
may wreck.

The tempest's fury rages wild around the gallant craft ;
The fierce winds wail a dismal dirge,
The lightning's flash is seen
That with a serpent's fury seems to threaten with its shaft.

And soon the mighty ocean's breast with turbulence runs high ;
The white-caps roll upon the waves,
Commotion all around ;
The heavy clouds shut out from sight the lovely azure sky.

The Ship of Life now rides the waves, baptized with ocean spray,
And plainly hears the magic words :
" Know thou life's tears are thine—
For anguish, sorrow, pain, and strife, have gathered o'er thy way."

She now relies upon the anchor, Hope, within the heart—

With steady eye, gazes afar—
Sees nought the soul to cheer,
Until the guiding-star of Faith is seen the clouds to
part.

The fury of the storm is o'er, but heavy breakers
roll ;
The clouds move back—the sun appears ;
Yet anchor still is cast ;
For high the waves still break around the structure of
the soul.

The sea grows calm again, at last, when on with steady
mien,
This stately ship is forward sent,
O'er Time's great boundless waste,
Among the unknown shoals of Time, which thickly lie
unseen.

And oft she wrestles with despair, as o'er the ocean
wide,
She sails the lonely track of tears,
Where countless whirlwinds rise,
And inky clouds almost obscure Faith's star, her only
guide.

At last, she nears the longed-for strait, through which
she passes free,
Beyond the storms of earthly life,
Beyond the whirlwind's power—
Has reached the crystal ocean fair of Immortality.

ANSWER ME.

You have said that you love me with all of your heart ;
If so, will you answer me true—
Just a few of the questions now crowding my brain?
Unannounced they troop in, and I cannot refrain
From asking their answers of you.

Is it true that your love fills the ocean of doubt
That borders the path of the years,
Where no ebb-tide is known, but perpetual flow,
And that steadily onward forever 'twill go,
Even through the dark Valley of Tears?

Does it reach to the beautiful dome of your faith,
Where sparkle the jewels of truth?
Will its lustre grow brighter as age draweth nigh,
And the blossoms of beauty shall wither and die,
That grace the fair garden of youth?

Can you stretch forth your arms and encircle my life—
My follies, and even my sins?
Can you robe with a vesture that promises peace,
Bliss and joy, as the years in their numbers increase,
And labor no recompense wins?

Will you love me the less when the bright waves of
thought,
That now seem to deluge the brain,
Shall recede and leave barren the beautiful way,
Where clear rays not my own in sweet harmony play?
Would love's brilliant sun slowly wane?

Oh ! this love is an 'incomprehensible thing—
The ruler of high and of low ;
'Tis a God-given attribute, old and yet new ;
But, like all noble things, it has counterfeits, too ;
The genuine how shall I know ?

Can you prove to my spirit the union of souls
That time never need to renew ?
That the essence of God, which in harmony flows,
Intermingles our being, as onward it goes ?
Oh ! answer me—answer me true !

SOUL QUESTIONINGS.

Will we meet on that shore
All of those gone before,
When the trials of life are all past—
When we safely shall land
On the beautiful strand,
And our anchor there firmly is cast ?

Will they welcome us there,
When we're freed from earth's care,
And our burdens are all laid aside ?
When we've passed o'er the river,
Will we with them forever
In sweet peace and in love there abide ?

Will the ties be unbroken ?
Will the words on earth spoken
In our memory still remain bright ?

Will we then understand
Why a cold, cruel hand
Was stretched forth to extinguish our light?

Will the sun then arise
And illumine our skies?
Will the darkness then all flee away?
Will we bask in the light,
Without sadness or night,
In the realm of Eternity's day?

Oh! ye angels of love,
From the region above,
Answer me, in your whispering low,
Will we then be at rest,
In the home of the blest,
Free from sorrow, and anguish, and wo?

ANSWER TO SOUL QUESTIONINGS.

You will meet all the loved ones who passed from your
sight,

When you enter the haven of rest;
They are waiting for you in the realm of delight,
In the beautiful home of the blest.

Yes, their welcome is waiting; just over the tide,
They are twining fresh garlands for thee;
Just over the river—the stream is not wide—
For across it we plainly can see.

When your work is accomplished on earth's shady side,
Your freed spirit will then be at rest ;
And with us in sweet love you'll forever abide,
In Eternity's home of the blest.

Yes, the ties of affection will surely remain ;
All the heart-throbs of love which we knew,
And the low tender words, the new life will retain,
And in beauty awaken anew.

It will all be made plain to your new spirit sight,
When you enter the regions above ;
For no sorrow or grief, with the darkness of night,
Shall surround you, to shadow that love.

For the sun everlasting illumines that home,
And in love's sweet embrace you will live ;
But to earth upon missions of kindness you'll come,
Its lone children sweet comfort to give.

You will bask in the light, for no darkness appears
In the realms where our God is the light ;
All the shadows that gather o'er earth's clouded spheres
Will disperse as the shades of the night.

Many angels come here, from their home of delight,
Upon missions of mercy and love—
Whisper courage and peace, then again take their flight
Back to regions of beauty above.

When you pass from the earth, from its cares and its
strifes,
Your glad welcome and rest both are sure ;

You will enter the portals of Eternal Life,
And the home of our God and the pure.

A PROMISE.

I have your solemn promise, friend,
That if you cross the silent river—
Before my mission here is filled,
The angel Death your life shall sever—
This mortal casket, formed of clay,
Shall lie, bereft of jewel bright,
In silent sleep, in calm repose,
Within the shade of death's dark night—
That, if the spirit's quickened sense
Shall know and understand as now,
And laws which govern the unseen
Will not prevent, you'll keep the vow—
Will come back from the spirit land,
And tell to me the wondrous tale—
The mysteries of life beyond
The sullen waters of the vale ;
You'll come and make your presence known,
And tell me you do not forget
The dear old haunts, the scenes of old,
Where oft in merry mood we've met ;
The pleasant hours of happiness,
As free from care as mortals know,
While traveling through this barren waste,
Amid conflicting scenes below.

I have your promise, and I know
You'll keep the vow, whate'er betide,
And come to me, in spirit form,
To this grief-stricken shady side,
And greet me as in days of old ;
Although I may not take your hand,
I'll surely know your gentle touch ;
Your meaning I will understand ;
Yes, come and show to me the way ;
I'll follow wheresoe'er you lead ;
I know the lessons born of love—
I could not fail to see and read ;
Come back to me in pleasant thought,
Or in the balmy realm of sleep ;
Impressions deep upon my brain,
Or on my heart, I'll sacred keep.

But if the angel Death should claim
The structure which my spirit lights—
Should breathe with frosty, withering breath
O'er the warm hand these lines that writes—
Should bear my spirit from the clay,
And I first gain the land of bliss,
I'll surely come, if possible,
Back to my cherished friends of this ;
I'll watch and wait to welcome you,
The same as you would welcome me,
Upon the now mysterious side
Of unknown immortality,
Where we the mysteries shall solve
Of life and death, and endless love—
For all the doubts of earth below
Must vanish in that home above.

ALONE.

I sit alone, with Nature,
As the golden sun sinks low,
And floods the purple hilltops
With a radiated glow—
Alone, amid the silence,
As the shades of evening fall,
I wonder if my loved ones
Think of me and hear my call.

The fleecy clouds are sailing
O'er the azure-vaulted sea,
In majesty and beauty,
As a fleet of vessels free ;
No mists obscure the grandeur
Of the glorious western sky,
Or hide the gilded trappings
Of the fleet that's sailing by.

Oh ! mists that veil the future,
Will ye ever pass away,
And we behold the glory
Of the clear and perfect day?
When all the cherished loved ones,
Which we feel are all our own,
Will come and sweetly whisper :
" You shall dwell no more alone.

" No more shall earthly partings
Make the way seem dark and drear ;
For, lo ! the mists will vanish—
All the darkness disappear,

And discord cannot enter—
● Now to you the Great Unknown,
Where none with weary footsteps
Journey onward all alone."

I list, to hear t'he echo
Of a sweet and low reply :
"Take courage, do not falter,
For the end is drawing nigh,
When all the mists shall scatter,
That so very dense have grown ;
You'll pass to fairer regions,
Where they never dwell alone."

IN THE MORNING.

The darkness shall disperse, the gloom depart,
The dismal sounds that float thro' woodland scenes,
And cause the shrinking soul to start
With dread alarm,
Shall silent be when morning light shall gild,
With golden glory, Nature's vernal bower,
To bless the hour.

The air is filled with want and pressing need,
Uncertain lights arise to lure us on ;
The soul knows not to what they lead,
For darkness reigns ;

Where will we stand when morning light reveals
The path our feet have trod thro' this long night,
Bereft of light.

Do angels guide our footsteps through the gloom—
Fair silent messengers, by God ordained
To cheer us onward to the tomb,
Where all must go—
Where we shall find the morning of our dreams,
Eternal sunshine, light forevermore,
At Heaven's door?

FORGET--ME--NOT.

When you are happy, light and free,
Your heart all filled with melody ;
Or, when you join in gleesome song,
With gay and happy joyous throng,
Do not forget your distant friend,
But just one thought of memory send
Far back to the remembered spot—
One beautiful forget-me-not.

Or, when you roam o'er field or stream,
Or in sweet fancy weave your dream ;
When, on the mountain, capped with ice,
You pluck the lovers' edelweiss ;
Or gather mosses from the dells,
Or from the sandy beach its shells,

Do not forget your friend's lone lot,
But send one fresh forget-me-not.

Or, when you tread the marble halls,
Or gaze upon the pictured walls,
Where master-hands have labored well
The beauties of their art to tell ;
Or, when you tread the halls of state,
Or join in earnest, warm debate,
Do not forget your constant friend,
But thoughts of pleasant memory send.

Or, when you reach the country old,
View Vatican, of which we're told,
And gaze upon the wonders there,
That are preserved with greatest care,
Do not ignore, in pleasure's tide,
The distance that will us divide,
Nor fail sweet, loving thoughts to send
Unto your ever-faithful friend.

Or, when o'er sunny isles you rove,
Or tread the fragrant orange grove,
Or watch the honey-bee's swift flight,
That culls the sweets from blossoms bright,
Or hear the songsters gayly sing,
Or note the brilliant blue-bird's wing,
That sails along so light and free,
I only ask, remember me.

When I shall pass from earth away,
To roam the fields of endless day,

Will you then seek the quiet plaec,
And plant one modest flower to grace
The lonely mound where I shall rest
So sweetly there, with pulseless breast,
That it may blossom on the spot—
The ever blue forget-me-not ?

I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

I'll ne'er forget the one I love ;
May heavenly rays shine from above—
Their cheering comfort ever send,
And light thy pathway to the end ;
Although I roam through distant lands,
And reach far Afric's shining sands,
And gain the wealth I there shall seek,
My heart will e'er responsive speak.

I may in silken hammocks lie,
And view the hazy tropic sky,
Or sail old Ocean's hoary breast,
Or climb the snowy mountain-crest,
Inhale the pure and bracing air,
Or pluck the edelweiss so fair ;
My thoughts will go far o'er the sea,
To country dear, and back to thee.

Although I wander far from home,
And view the arts of Greece and Rome—

Behold St. Peter's lofty spires,
Whose grandeur wakens strange desires,
Or find among Egyptian stores
The talents of forgotten lores ;
Wonder in them my soul may find,
But love will seek those left behind.

Although I go through mossy dells,
And tread the beach all strewn with shells,
Or note the brilliant blue-bird's wing,
Or hear Venetian maidens sing,
As floating on the placid sea
They warble strains of melody—
These things will oft the senses please,
But float away, as on the breeze.

If I should gain the heights of fame,
And on their summits write my name,
Or reach the highest worldly plain
That earnest mortals can attain,
Although I live in mansions fair,
And dine on dainty viands rare,
They ne'er can fill my longing soul—
Thy love alone has full control.

And if the victory you gain,
Immortal life shall first attain,
This friendship never dim shall grow,
But while I'm waiting here below,
The mound shall ever be my care,
Forget-me-nots shall blossom there,
Until I pass the border land,
And meet you on the unknown strand.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

Do you hear the angel footsteps?
Hark! how silently they tread—
Spirits of our dearly-loved ones,
Whom the dull of earth call dead!

Do not think, because the mortal
Vision cannot pierce the gloom,
That our loved ones sleep forever
In the silence of the tomb.

When the cord that bound their spirits
To corruption's earthy clod
Loosed its hold, the angels bore them
To the brighter realms of God.

Now they come, with noiseless footsteps,
Ministers of heavenly light—
Whisper, "Courage, oh! ye mortals,"
In the watches of the night.

Flitting through the mellow moonlight,
Strewing blessings as they go,
Tenderly they smooth the pillows,
When the sleepers do not know.

And they wipe the tears of anguish
As they fill the faded eye—
"Patience yet a little longer,
Your reward is drawing nigh."

Listen for the angel footsteps—
For they move with noiseless tread ;
Catch their gentle words of comfort,
For our loved ones are not dead.

CHARITY.

Although we are endowed with talents dear,
And speak with tongues of angels, sweet and clear,
And Charity abideth not, alas !
These count as nought—they are as sounding brass ;
Although we have the gift of prophecy,
And understand what seemeth mystery,
And are endowed with faith's resistless might,
That moveth mountains from the wondering sight,
And have not Charity, we are as nought—
A cypher in this world of active thought.

Although we may our worldly goods bestow
Upon the poor, to lighten human wo ;
Although we give from out our well-filled store
The half of all we have, and even more ;
Although we give our bodies to be burned—
Resign all things in which we are concerned,
And have not Charity's pure gem, as well,
We are as nought ; so doth the Scripture tell ;
It suffereth long, is kind and ever true ;
It envieth not, whatever others do.

It vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up ;
The dews are pure it hath within its cup—
Is meek and gentle unto each and all,
And bitter scathing words it ne'er lets fall ;
Rejoices not in cruel wickedness,
Mistakes and wrongs is willing to confess ;
Firm in the truth, it yields to sober facts,
Is ever ready to perform good acts,
It bears all things, it hopes, also believes,
With thankfulness all good of life receives .

And it endureth to the bitter end—
Weak innocence will sturdily defend ;
It never faileth, it is true and staunch,
And never fears the little bark to launch ;
If there be prophecy that often fails,
And lazy tongues that cease their wondrous tales,
Unstable attributes will pass away,
But Charity abides for aye and aye ;
No need of prophecy, or magic art
To tell that Charity doth fill the heart.

We darkly see as through a glass while here,
But, face to face, beyond 'twill plain appear ;
Surrounded by the faithful ones we loved,
The sight will then be cleared, the mote removed ;
And now abideth with you, each and all—
Each mortal on the earth, however small,
These gifts: Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three
To cheer you on your way till you shall see
The glad fruition of the tale foretold,
And Charity's bright recompense behold.

EVERMORE.

Often, in the gathering twilight,
When I'm sitting all alone,
And my thoughts roam o'er the pathway
Of the weary years now flown,
I can hear the soft sweet cadence
Of a voice I heard of yore,
As the earnest words are uttered :
"I will love you evermore."

Do not doubt, but trust me ever ;
I'll be true till my last breath ;
Strong the cords that here unite us—
Nothing can remove but death ;
Still I hear the plaintive murmur
Of that earnest, sad refrain :
"I will love you—trust me ever ;
Love's bright jewel will remain."

Still I seem to see the sparkle
Of the eye that shone so bright,
As in merry mood we wandered
Through the shadows of the night—
Seem to hear the soft sweet accents
That I've heard so oft before,
As the earnest words were spoken :
"I will love you evermore."

Now the pleasant memory greets me,
When I'm oft oppressed with care,
Giving greater strength to battle
With the world and dark despair ;

For as long as life continues,
And I draw this fleeting breath,
Ever will I hear the murmur :
 " I will love you, love, till death."

Then I seem to hear the whisper :
 " Until death? There is no death ;
But we live in realms of beauty,
 After we resign this breath—
Live through all the coming ages,
 Live beyond the mystic door ;
We will love and live forever—
 Live and love forevermore."

OUR HOME OVER YONDER.

There's a fair heavenly land, where our loved ones now
 dwell,
 Where the children of earth cannot wander,
But of which we have heard, for God's messengers tell,
 As they come from that home over yonder.

In that home there is life everlasting, and love ;
 There is sacred and faithful devotion ;
For that sweet land of peace is removed far above
 All of earth's raging storms and commotion.

There the mansions are made without labor of hand,
 And we're told that the number is many,

And that all may inherit a home in that land,
For our God never turns away any.

In that home over there, where the angels abide,
There are beautiful valleys and fountains ;
There are rivers and forests, and fields stretching wide—
There are cascades, and high towering mountains.

There are starry-paved pathways, like beautiful dreams ;
There is peace that will soothe every sorrow ;
There are gay birds of song, and bright crystalline
streams,
That the light of the sun do not borrow.

There are silvery lakes, amid blossom-crowned hills ;
There's a valley of calm meditation,
Where the soul may cast off all of life's pressing ills,
And receive pure and sweet consolation.

There's a valley of joy, and a river of peace,
And the verdure remains ever vernal ;
There is music to cheer, and it never will cease,
But will sound through the ages eternal.

There's a river called Death, which divides that fair land
From the homes on the earth called the mortal ;
Every soul will pass over this stream at command,
Far beyond all the fears of that portal.

In a beautiful barge, that is formed of the years,
We will glide safely over the billows,
And the sun-lighted mists then beheld will be tears
That we leave far behind on our pillows.

All the sad weary children of earth may find peace ;
Mid those calm, cheering scenes they may wander,
And sweet joy fill the soul, which will ever increase,
As they gain higher highs over yonder.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

Finely spun, with golden lustre,
Are Life's tissue threads so fine ;
Running through the warp of action,
Ever brightly do they shine.

Love is thickly intermingled
Through this web, in shining gold ;
Faith and hope do also sparkle,
Lighting every rounded fold.

Sparkling wit and animation
Do the buds and roses twine ;
Their rich tints are brightly shining
Through this wondrous web so fine.

Patience, with untiring fingers,
Weaves the tiny sprays between,
While forbearance, pale-hued blossom,
Rests among the leaves of green.

Gratitude, with cords of silver,
Forms a border, firm and true ;
Constancy adds little garlands—
Pale forget-me-nots of blue.

Plain the cord of sacred honor
Glitters with resplendent light ;
Virtue, with her waxen lilies ;
Purity, in threads of white.

Light and shadow intermingled,
Threads of golden splendor show,
Graceful garlands thickly cluster
In this web of joy and wo.

Truth and justice bind together
Many threads and colors fair ;
Modesty and meekness enter,
With their tiny blossoms rare.

But beneath the leaves and flowers,
Close beside the threads of gold,
Deep-dyed threads are also twining—
Care and anguish we behold.

Crimson-tinted threads of sorrow,
Guilt and wrong of deeper dye ;
While within the shaded foldings
Grief, regret, repentance, lie.

Selfishness and pride are mingled
In the shadows quite obscure,
While the cord of jealous feeling
Twines among the lilies pure.

Deep within the darkest shadows,
We behold black threads of crime,

With their artful machinations
Running through this web sublime.

Swiftly flies the silver shuttle
Through the shadows of each fold—
Through the deep-dyed threads of sorrow,
Through the colors manifold.

Speeding on its endless mission,
Brightly doth the shuttle shine,
Filling in this wondrous fabric
Of its architect divine.

Thus we see, throughout the workings
Of this mighty power and strife,
Beauties rare and hideous phantoms
Woven in the web of life.

GOD'S LAWS.

Unchanged are God's eternal laws—
Love binds the universe ;
Without that attribute divine,
Existence were a curse ;
It smooths the rugged way of life,
It heals the bleeding heart,
Its sun shines forth amid the storm,
When crystal tear-drops start.

Can human wisdom veil the sun?
Or stay the silver moon?
Turn mid-day into darkened night?
Or midnight into noon?
As well might human skill devise
Some plan to these control,
As loving angels to subdue
The yearnings of the soul.

The spirits freed have passed beyond
The sting of mortal pain;
But God's fixed laws they cannot change—
The effort would be vain;
The cords of sympathy and love
The same will ever be;
We do not shape or mould the plan
That forms our destiny.

Forsaken? Never by our God,
Nor e'en by mortal man;
For honest souls will help the one
Who does the best he can;
Though storm-clouds dark may hover near,
And fate most cruel seem,
Yet oft between the inky clouds
The light of heaven will gleam.

When earthly toils and labors cease,
E'en if the call comes late,
The loving angels will be there
To open the pearly gate,

And welcome every spirit freed
To blissful realms above,
Where God's eternal laws will rule
With true unchanging love.

THE BEAUTIFUL EARTH.

I love the earth so green and fair,
Its silvery lakes and waving trees,
Its lofty peaks of rock so bare,
Its cool, refreshing, odorous breeze ;
How beautiful her robes appear,
In this bright month, the lovely June ;
All Nature seems to sing good cheer,
And every string is well in tune.

The waterfall, in mirthful play,
Comes leaping down the mountain-side,
While silvery, misty veils of spray
Envelop all about the tide ;
Then far below it onward glides,
Far through the valley's cool retreat,
With nodding ferns bent o'er its sides,
The pebbly brook that sings so sweet.

The flowering shrub and clustering vine,
That greet our sight in grand array,
Whose tendrils clasp and firmly twine
Amid the fragrant blossoms gay,

Speak unto us in language plain
Of love, of beauty, and of grace,
As they, without resistance, gain
In Nature's realm their given place.

I love the earth with all its scenes—
Its rolling hills, its meadow land,
Its broad plateaus, its deep ravines,
Its cascades fair, its mountains grand;
Oh! beautiful old Mother Earth,
We all recline upon thy breast;
Thou gavest all thy creatures birth—
Thou'lt take us back in thee to rest.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF OUR FELLOWS!

How little we know of our fellows—
E'en the ones that we hold as our all!
For each has a thick outer covering
Which envelops the soul like a pall;
We never can pierce through the wrappings,
To the secrets that dark mantle veils;
We see brilliant lights on the surface,
But to fathom the depths our sight fails.

How short is the weak human vision!
Our own souls we behold with dim sight;
Then how can we see far beyond us,
To our fellows, and judge them aright?

We are blind to the faults of our loved ones,
Deaf and blind to all good of our own ;
We tread dismal paths filled with shadows,
When paths bright are as near, but unknown.

We see pomp and pride in their glory,
See the surface, the glitter and glow ;
But under the cover of riches,
In the depths of the soul far below,
Lurk spectres, grim ghosts, and pale phantoms,
Which will haunt, in the dead of the night,
These victims the world sees with envy—
For the dark side is hidden from sight.

We only see souls on the surface ;
Could we view with clear sight every life,
We'd find that the glitter of riches
Fails to calm warring tumult and strife,
That lie underneath the external,
Down within the veiled depths of the soul,
Where dark bitter waters of anguish
Wildly surge, as the fierce billows roll.

How little we know of our fellows !
We may feel that we know every thought
Of those that our hearts fondly worship—
That no veils in their lives have been wrought ;
Alas ! those fond hearts too have secrets,
Which are hid in the depths far below ;
Though kind, ever-loving and tender,
There's a side which they never will show.

Then vain are all weak human efforts
To behold, with our short-reaching sight,

The thickly-veiled souls of our fellows—
Could as well pierce the blackness of night ;
'Tis not for this life to reveal why
These dark mantles and veils cover all ;
Beyond, in the life that awaits us,
From each soul-form these mantles will fall.

ETERNAL LIFE.

I would that we these words might understand—
That gift that's waiting now, at God's right hand—
The crowning blessing which he will bestow
Upon his faithful children here below ;
When they have passed earth's journey, sad and drear,
And pierced the veil which earthly mortals fear,
Into that promised home which knows no strife,
Their brows shall wear the crown, Eternal Life.

The angels pierce material covering dense ;
They know our doubts, and fears, and sad suspense,
And whisper sweetly, " Do your labor well—
You're building now the temple where you'll dwell ;
Build it secure and beautiful throughout,
And cloud it not with murmurings and with doubt,
But ever strive to rise above the strife,
That you may earn the crown, Eternal Life.

" Be meek and gentle, and our warning heed,
Forgiving all ; the poor and hungry feed ;

Give unto others what we give to thee ;
Make them to know the truth—their errors see ;
Each little seed that falls shall take deep root,
And soon the plants will flourish, bearing fruit
To feed and bless earth's children, who will share
Ere they the crown, Eternal Life, shall wear.

“ A day of gladness shall the faithful see ;
Life will not be all shadows—they will flee ;
And firm shall stand the monuments we rear,
As landmarks unto others, giving cheer
As through the shadowy mazes on they go,
And battle with life's trials here below ;
But brightly, through the chaos and the strife,
Shall shine the glorious prize, Eternal Life.”

MY TREASURE.

No yellow gold does fortune place
Within my humble store—
No diamonds from Brazilian sands
Do in my coffers pour ;
And yet I have a treasure which
All these can never buy ;
Earth's dearest objects must decay,
But mine will never die.

It is the solace of my life,
It cheers me day by day,

It never leaves me desolate,
Or leads my feet astray ;
This treasure rests within my heart—
'Tis of intrinsic worth ;
I would not barter it for all
The riches of the earth.

Although my weary feet must tread
The wine-press here alone,
I know my soul at last shall reap
The fruit these hands have sown ;
Although the storms of earth assail,
My soul shall not rebel,
For well I know the ruling power
Who doeth all things well.

The promise of eternal life
Hath God in love revealed,
Although His glorious mysteries
In mercy are concealed ;
For, could each mortal lift the veil,
And view the heavenly sphere,
It would unfit him to fulfill
His various missions here.

And thus God veils the spirit sight,
Imprisons it in clay,
Where it cannot behold the beams
Of everlasting day ;
But only fitful sunbeams fall
Athwart life's troubled sea,
As silently we onward drift
Into Eternity.

My gallant little craft is staunch,
Her sails in beauty fill,
For God breathes on the troubled waves
And whispers, "Peace, be still!"
Although I'm speeding through the night,
A compass true is given,
A treasure which will never fail—
It is my hope of Heaven.

SING TO ME.

Oh! sing to me a song of glee,
To cheer my weary soul;
For shadows dark around I see,
And rumbling thunders roll;
Far in the distance I behold
The billowy waves run high,
While threatening clouds above them roll,
O'erspreading all the sky.

Oh! let your song be filled with hope,
With soothing strains, to cheer,
That shadows dark in which I grope
May fade and disappear;
That clouds may rosy-tinted glow,
The darkness flee away;
The silver lining plainly show,
In place of somber gray.

Oh! sing to me of happy hours,
When we shall roam the fields,

And gather sweets from Nature's bowers,
Which she in beauty yields ;
When doubts and fears no more shall blight
The sunlight of our days,
But radiant and resplendent light
Surround us with its rays.

Oh ! sing of sweet, undying love,
Of faith and hope sublime,
Of angel bands who dwell above,
In God's perpetual clime ;
When we shall rise above the strife,
And leave our cares below,
Rejoicing in eternal life,
Beyond all mortal wo.

TILL DEATH.

A maiden in her chamber quite alone,
An open letter doth her soul engage,
As, with a beaming smile of calm delight,
She scans the silent, neatly-written page,
And softly murmurs, " Until death, my own.

" What cause have I to doubt ? 'Tis written plain ;
And yet I scarcely know or understand
The mighty import of these two small words,
The strength of this undying magic band,
Which binds our lives, and ever will remain.

" A sense of dullness meets me, I confess—
So new, so old, the same sweet story told

Which wraps my spirit in a veil of cloud—
A pure white cloud, with shining edge of gold,
More beautiful than words can e'er express."

The years glide by ; we see her once again
Within that chamber seated, as before,
With the same letter—aye, the same two words
Now hold her soul, as in the days of yore ;
But on that sweet, calm face is written pain.

Time was she mused when I could not behold
Or understand the import here expressed—
The depth and strength of an undying love ;
But now I plainly see—have passed the test ;
A few short years the whole great story told.

"Till death ! Why should he die and pass from sight,
Beyond my dull, material human grasp ?
And yet I know 'tis not of earth to prove
That I have lost his firm, fond spirit clasp,
Or that his love does not my soul bedight."

"Till death, thine own," she reads in quiet calm,
And silently she folds the sheet once more,
And places it among her treasures safe,
Where she had placed it, oh ! so oft before ;
These words had poured into her heart their balm.

Oh ! Life—oh ! Death—forever bitter foes—
Thy fearful battle o'er his soul has passed ;
Grim Death has conquered in the dread affray,
And o'er my spirit has his shadow cast,
Which only one bereft in anguish knows.

What power omnipotent, divine, I see,
As thro' all Nature, thro' all life and death,
I search for some assurance of the truth
Of life beyond this transient, fleeting breath—
The higher life of great Eternity.

“Till death,” she sadly sighs, in whispers low ;
“There is no death, but all-pervading life ;
I too shall leave this mortal, crumbling form,
And pass beyond this bitter care and strife,
And claim my own, my own, of long ago.

IDLERS.

Ye idlers in the field,
What will your harvest be ?
Unplanted ground will never yield
The fruit you wish to see.

But only earnest toil
Can bring the sheaves of gold ;
Awake ! lest you in fear recoil
To see life's web unfold.

The sands will soon run low,
For time will never wait ;
Then work with zeal while here below—
No words like these—Too late !

This life is but a day ;
The morning sun shines bright ;
Then noon appears upon the way,
And soon, alas ! 'tis night.

Oh ! idlers, what will be
Your harvest, at the last ?
What record will your spirit see,
When earthly years are past ?

No blossoms fair will greet
Your longing, wondering sight ;
No vine-wreathed nooks, with mossy seat,
To give supreme delight.

No gems to star your crown—
The diamonds won by love ;
For no false glory or renown
Shall live in realms above.

No boughs with ripened fruit,
No tender cheering voice ;
No willing hand to touch the lute,
And bid the soul rejoice.

But only barren years,
And plains with shifting sand,
Will greet you, as you reach with fears
The unknown border land.

The sun has risen high,
And yet the angels wait ;

The noonday hour is drawing nigh—
Make haste ere 'tis too late.

NATURE'S REALM.

As we explore great Nature's bower,
Throughout its vast and varied range,
And contemplate the mighty power,
The constant, ever-varying change,
Which Nature in her wisdom sends,
To many objects in her realm,
It ever awe and wonder lends,
And doth the senses overwhelm.

Have sages wise or science solved
The perfect shadings of the flowers?
Can they explain the cause involved,
That paints the tints in her vast bowers?
Why do not all the plants assume
The self-same color, form and size?
And why not hold the same perfume?
Will ye please answer me, ye wise?

Can ye explain why Nature's fields,
Her trees and shrubs, are dressed in green?
And why her unmistakable seals
On every kind alike are seen?
Why ruby-tinted clouds float by,
With edges fair as burnished gold,

While fleecy veils between them lie,
And all such varied colors hold?

Why do the lovely blossoms wear
So many variegated hues?
They all receive an equal share
Of air and sunshine, rains and dews;
The care and love are all the same;
Then why the different forms and dyes?
Ye learned and wise, will ye please name
The causes why? I wait replies.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere beyond these frowning clouds,
Where streamlets murmur low—
Somewhere beyond the ills of life
My spirit longs to go,
Where ideal pleasures wait for me,
Beyond the crystal silent sea.

Oh! love-lit land—oh! silvery streams,
Whose dimpled surface gleams
With untold beauties, which exceed
Our wildest earthly dreams;
I long those heavenly joys to share
Within reality, somewhere.

Oh! land where roses never fade—
Where worms cannot devour;

Whose velvet petals never yield
To Death's destructive power ;
But where eternal life is king,
Undying love unending spring.

Oh ! land, where fruitage rich abounds,
To satisfy the soul—
Where perfumed breezes ever play,
And love holds full control ;
That heavenly bliss I long to know,
And bid adieu to ills below.

Oh ! land of clouds, I do not shrink
The last good-by to say
To primal scenes wherein I dwell—
May angels lead the way
And bear me on the breath of prayer
To glorious realms of bliss, somewhere.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

We see upon the sloping hill,
Embowered within the leafy wood,
The ruins of an old chateau
That once in strength and grandeur stood.

There lofty wall and staircase grand
Once gave rare pleasure and delight
To many generations old,
Now passed into oblivious night.

Once beauty reigned through all around,
Sweet music filled the spacious halls,
And light steps sounded on the stair,
While all was mirth within those walls.

Young brides, in silken robes of white,
Once trod with pride the matted floors,
And passed with happy, joyous hearts
Through lighted halls and massive doors.

And many forms have lain in peace
In richly-furnished rooms below,
Amid the velvet hangings rare,
There clad in robes as pure as snow.

Young children's voices sounded there,
Sweet laughter rang out unaware,
While golden heads and eyes of blue
In glee peeped down the polished stair.

They've passed away and left the home
So dearly loved upon the earth,
To roam the unknown fields above—
Have passed the test of second birth.

The old chateau is crumbling back,
As all material structures must
Pass through the great decaying change—
Turn back to earth, or common dust.

The old chateau neglected lies;
Its usefulness has passed away,

And lichens cluster on the walls—
The harbingers of swift decay.

When will enduring homes appear,
For weary souls oppressed with care?
We hear the answer: "Never here;
Your lasting home is over there."

A PURE LOVING SOUL.

Earth is rich and abundant in gifts, we all know,
And rare blessings oft crown our short journey below,
While the ocean's gray breast, that reflects azure blue,
And each bright fleecy cloudlet the sun glimmers thro',
As they float in their splendor, so brilliantly fair,
High in space, in their freedom, suspended in air,
Are all beauties that charm us, as onward they roll,
But the dearest of gifts is a pure loving soul.

A pure soul that will cheer us on life's stormy way,
As we journey along mid the brambles each day—
Search the way to find sunbeams our pathway to cheer,
That sometimes amid dew-drops and shadows appear;
A pure soul that will lead us forever aright,
That will guide us by love to the regions of light;
Ever closely we'd follow the clear radiant beam,
Even over the river of death's turbid stream.

A pure soul with the jewel of honor endowed,
Ever tender and true, amid sunshine or cloud—

For we're led by the charm most divine that we see,
Ever close by its side, yet in truth we are free ;
We are free as the foam that is tossed on the wave,
Or the shell on the beach which the clear waters lave,
Or the gull as it sails through the mist and the spray,
Or as free as the zephyrs that wantonly play.

It will charm us and hold us in love's magic thrall,
As we drink from the fount with no mixture of gall ;
For its nectar is pure as the dew in the cup
Of the lily or bluebell the bee drinketh up ;
We are led by the power which our God has ordained,
Us to keep and to cheer till the highs we've attained—
Till we reach our long home, veiled Eternity's goal,
Where we'll dwell thro' all time with that pure loving soul.

OUR BEAUTIFUL DARLING.

Beautiful darling, with clear eyes of blue,
Heaven has loaned thee to gladden our lives ;
World filled with wonders appears to your view,
Everything strange and exceedingly new ;
Warm is the welcome extended to you—
Beautiful darling, with clear eyes of blue.

Beautiful darling, with light hair of gold,
Clustering in beauty o'er temples so fair,
Ne'er may thine eyes frowning fortune behold—
Love's velvet mantle forever enfold

Thee and the talents that God will unfold—
Beautiful darling, with light hair of gold.

Beautiful darling, in quiet repose,
Marvel of beauty and matchless in grace,
Sweet as the breath of the early June rose
When the soft breeze gently over it blows,
Wafting its sweetness wherever it goes—
Beautiful darling, that lightens our woes.

Beautiful darling, whose love doth entwine
Many fond hearts in a tender embrace,
Brighter and brighter forever will shine
Every unfolding, until the divine
Force of the universe all shall combine,
Forming in grandeur God's perfect design.

MEMORY.

Roll backward, oh ! Memory,
O'er the swift wheels of time,
Far back through the garden
Of youth's fresh, fairy clime,
And roam through the bowers
Of pure virtue and truth,
And view the sweet blossoms
Of fair innocent youth.

Rest not on thy journey,
But roll on, farther back

To childhood's enchantment,
On the far backward track,
And view in life's morning
Charming visions most fair—
Rare castles of beauty
Built high in the air.

They vanish like dew-drops
In the bright morning sun,
But real are to childhood,
When this life's first begun,
All sunshine and beauty,
Ever gushing with song,
Ne'er dreaming the lessons
They must study ere long.

Oh ! Memory, roll onward
Through the years that have flown,
Scan scenes that have vanished,
View the seeds we have sown ;
Leave childhood behind you,
Which fair castles adorn,
And roam through the mazes
Trod in youth's shining morn.

Glide into the palace,
Amid music and mirth,
The precincts of pleasure,
Oft the place of love's birth ;
Behold the rare beauties
Which adorn that retreat—
Bright jewels of splendor
Your clear vision will greet.

We gladly would linger
In that fair, blissful state,
But Memory's swift chariot
Must not stop—will not wait ;
It bears us far onward,
Unto years more mature,
Where lessons of sorrow
We must learn and endure.

Then Memory comes homeward,
From its long backward race,
Where life with its trials
By us stands with stern face ;
We often grow weary,
Sigh for rest and repose,
As Time plows his furrows,
And our hair whiter grows.

Oh ! Memory, sweet treasure,
Sacred blessing divine,
For us on life's pathway,
It forever will shine
Far over the river
Of death's dark swelling tide ;
'Tis God's gift to mankind—
'Twill forever abide.

In realms clothed in beauty,
When this journey is o'er,
Fond Memory will wander
Through the scenes trod of yore ;
The spirit's new vision,
In that blest land of light,

Will show us why shadows
Veiled our pathway in night.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

The fair earth is now donning her mantle of night,
Slowly veiling our eyes from the sun's brilliant light ;
As the soft-creeping shades settle darkly around,
Nature's music is hushed in deep silence profound ;
Then we rest from our labor, and seek our repose,
While the pure evening dews kiss the cheeks of the rose.

All is quiet and peaceful, no discord is heard
To resound through the haunts of the wild mountain
bird,
That has folded its wings in its sylvan retreat,
Hushed the notes of its song, so delightfully sweet ;
And the modest day-lilies, in purity dressed,
Their white petals fold up as the sun sinks to rest.

Noiseless shadows now deepen and veil Nature's bloom,
Creeping vines and bright blossoms are mantled in gloom ;
Welcome silence is spreading her magical thrall,
Eyes are kissed by repose and the lids gently fall ;
Softly wooed by the fair brooding sprite of the hour,
We are won by the mystical charm of her power.

And I know that the angels of love hover nigh,
While the bright twinkling stars one by one gem the sky ;

Through the half-folded shutters I see their soft light
Shining forth from the beautiful crown of the night ;
And the cool fragrant zephyr my cheek gently fans,
As a censer that's waved by invisible hands.

If, from all Nature's gifts, God should say, " Choose the
one
That will make you most happy," I'm sure there is none
That would serve while on earth my delights to increase
Like serene, quiet rest 'neath the white wings of Peace—
For no blessing more perfect to mortals is given
Than that treasure divine from the storehouse of Heaven.

PEARL.

Why dost thou gaze with steadfast look?
Canst thou behold life's hidden book
And read the lot which thee awaits,
Or search the pages of the fates?
Canst scan life's scenes through misty tears,
And pierce the veil that shrouds the years?

Dost see the pearls along the way —
The precious gems, the blossoms gay,
The shadows, as they slowly rise,
To veil the brightness of those eyes !
Canst thou behold, with that fixed gaze,
The changing scenes of coming days?

My Pearl, thou needst not seek to look
Upon the pages of that book ;

For, in its hidden depths profound
The mysteries of life abound ;
E'en sages wise have failed to solve
The problem which it doth involve.

Withdraw that earnest, piercing gaze,
And meet the bliss of coming days ;
For pleasure surely more than dole
Shall greet thy loving, trusting soul ;
And love's rare pearl they'll ne'er deny,
But will thy longings satisfy.

Behind thee, in the flowery maze,
Are childhood's bright and sunny days—
The skipping-rope, the magic swing,
The daisy chain, the fairy ring ;
You've only passed a little way
Beyond the sunny hours of play.

And yet you peer with eager gaze
To view the scenes of coming days ;
Thou dost not know thy priceless dower
Is lack of penetrating power—
That skill to see the future strife
Would take away the charm of life.

Then do not seek thy fate to know ;
Time will its pleasures to thee show,
And weave its web of silk and pearl,
As thy bright future shall unfurl ;
Then banish all thy doubts and fears,
And look with hope to coming years.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Can you tell me the way to the still land of dreams—
Tell what course we all take when we go
To that beautiful place where reality seems
Swallowed up in a mystical flow?

We all go without guides to that fair happy land,
And we oft meet with those that we love—
Fondly clasp in our arms those removed from our band,
Who now dwell in the regions above.

We prepare for our journey by closing our eyes,
Bid our senses in quiet repose,
And, ere we're aware, all our fond earthly ties
Fade from sight, as do likewise our woes.

Then we revel in sunshine, amid charming bowers,
In that unreal, mystical sphere ;
In that shadowy realm we oft while away hours,
Yet we know not its mysteries here.

As we float on the air, roam in peace through the fields,
We behold many rare wonders there,
When the goddess of sleep has her soft velvet seals
Gently laid on our eyelids with care.

We all know of the peace and the bliss of that place,
But know not what direction we take ;
We float on with the tide, in serene even grace,
Till we find all at once we're awake.

We return from our travels and enter again
Real life, with its wild, turbid streams ;

But what wise one can tell what enchanted domain
We explore when we revel in dreams?

WHENCE COMETH LOVE?

Whence cometh love, the fond and true
Life-crowning blessing, ever new?
It comes unsought, unbidden, free—
Is welcomed by humanity.

It enters silently the heart—
When once enthroned, will ne'er depart,
But ever holds a quiet reign,
And uninvited will remain.

It comes alone, but never fears,
And sometimes many weary years
Will pass ere it will gravitate
Unto its own—its rightful mate.

No heart was e'er so desolate,
No soul so much accursed by fate,
But some loved soul would touch the strings
And wake the harmony love brings.

Oh! tired heart, oh! weary soul,
Where waves of doubt in darkness roll,
Be thou content; there is for thee
An answering strain of melody.

Though 'tis unknown to thee, as yet,
But Nature's laws will ne'er forget ;
Souls find their own, untrammelled, free,
On earth or in eternity.

Whence cometh love ? We do not know ;
'Tis free and pure ; 'twill ever go
Where'er it will ; no bonds can stay
Its course, or e'en impede its way.

Be thou content, oh ! weary one ;
Thy blissful day has not begun,
But soon will sound the happy song,
And tell why love delayed so long.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

All must enter life's great school-room,
As we bid all hail to earth—
Enter the great class of pupils
Organized before our birth.

Nature never asks permission
To create, but claims the right—
Ne'er consults those interested,
Those who must the battle fight.

All that's left us is to labor,
Strive life's lessons well to learn,
Knowing that each prize awarded
To our credit we must earn.

We must earn with cheerful labor
Prizes which will never fade,
Ere we hear the joyful summons,
"Come up to a higher grade."

Far more intricate the windings
Now presented to our view,
As we strive to solve the problems
Still more knotty, strange and new.

Visions have we of a country
Seeming most divinely fair ;
Inexperience says, "Rush onward !"
When dame Reason breathes, "Beware !"

Oh ! how beautiful the landscape
Spread before the gaze of youth !
Blossoms crown the hills of pleasure,
Lighted by the sun of truth.

High the mount of stern ambition
Rears aloft its rocky peak—
Picturesque, when in the distance ;
Rugged, when its base we seek.

Silvery lakes and crystal rivers,
Formed within the field of care,
While the overflowing fountain
Of emotion's hidden there.

Numberless the paths and by-ways
Leading through this wondrous land ;
Some are plain and filled with beauty,
Some we fail to understand.

Studying ever without ceasing,
Till we reach the final day,
Graduate and leave the temple
Which has fallen to decay.

Pass we to a higher region,
Where we're taught the rules of love—
Learn the methods of God's system
In the higher grades above.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

A brave hero has gone; his quick ear caught the notes
Of the bugle that called him away,
And again the great pulse of the nation beat fast,
For they knew he the call must obey.

Yes, again a wise chieftain has passed from our sight—
Gone to join the grand army above,
There to meet the old vet'rans who marched on before,
In the home of pure brotherly love.

The great heart of the world is now stirred with deep pain,
A dark cloud hangeth low over all;
But we know that all tears and regrets are as nought—
They can never remove the dark pall.

Although gone from our sight, he still lives in the heart
Of the nation his valor has saved;
He has planted the stars and the stripes on the soil
Where the disloyal colors once waved.

He has won many laurels by true, noble deeds,
Of which millions unborn shall yet know ;
His fairname now shines forth in bright letters of gold,
On the tablet of fame here below.

And I ask, will such deeds as this hero achieved
Stand for nought on eternity's side ?
Or glow brighter beyond dissolution's dark stream,
Which the mortal and spirit divide ?

Does the brave leader rest with the heroes of old,
In the infinite regions above ?
Are the swords of that army the bright blades of truth,
And their armor the mantle of love ?

We are taught that the pure shall inherit a home
In the realms of eternal delight ;
But will not the loved brave also find their reward
When the watchwords are Justice and Right ?

MAN.

Within each human temple grand,
Which God in beauty rears,
Is placed a never-failing spring,
Or fountain, filled with tears.

This wondrous spring is hidden well
Beneath the iris fair,

And passers-by would never dream
Of its existence there.

And close beside this fountain clear,
The seat of thought we find,
Adorned with countless brilliant gems,
Where dwells the active mind.

No idler he whose home we find
In this secure retreat,
Although he sits in silence there,
On thought's secluded seat.

He sends his messengers abroad—
No thought of time or space ;
Obedient ever to his will,
They fly through earth and space.

He rules within this temple grand ;
All must his will obey,
E'en when the silv'ér on the dome
And corner-stones decay.

And not until the temple falls,
Will he resign control ;
This faithful sovereign of the years
Is the immortal soul.

The master architect divine,
Who formed this glorious plan,
Perfected each and every part,
And called the structure, Man.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

I drift with the tide,
O'er the dark billows wide,
Set afloat on the sea
Of life's great mystery.

The first wailing cry,
Or the faintly-breathed sigh,
Is the signal to go
O'er life's waters below.

The way is unknown ;
All must drift out alone,
Mid the surf and the spray
On the perilous way.

All danger must brave,
From the first to the grave ;
For our God has assigned
The same task to mankind.

'Tis not as we will,
But a mission we fill,
Which the All-Wise above
Has ordained through his love.

I know that a friend
He will prove to the end,
And his messenger guide
As I drift with the tide.

I drift and I glide,
And I bound with the tide,

Over silver-capped waves,
Over Hope's hidden graves.

O'er billows of care,
In the surf of despair,
Ever strive I to reach
The white sands of the beach.

Though whirlwinds assail,
I can hear through the gale
The sweet words : "Do not fear ;
Lo ! my child, I am near.

"Your barque shall not strand
On the rocks or the sand ;
But you'll weather the blast
Till your anchor is cast.

"You'll stand on the shore
And will drift nevermore,
But have footing secure
In a home that is sure.

"You'll dwell for all time
In that beautiful clime,
With the angels of love,
In my kingdom above."

So serenely I ride
O'er the dark rolling tide
Toward the land of the blest,
To my sweet promised rest.

DEATH'S MESSENGER.

What sounds are these that fall upon the ear?
Not welcome, surely, these dull notes of pain;
I know them now—the conquering foe draws near;
Deceived I cannot be—'tis but too plain.

His flying messenger is truly here—
Came unannounced within my humble prison,
And says unto my soul, "Thy sovereign's near—
'Triumphant o'er thy life, he hath arisen."

I sternly bid death's messenger depart,
And say, "I do not wish thy face to see;
Remove thy icy clasp about my heart;
I do not crave companionship with thee."

Undaunted this grim messenger appears;
He does not heed my half-impatient tone,
But will remain, and ever in my ears
Is whispering, "You are mine, and mine alone!"

Oh! stern intruder in our secret homes,
Who scales the loftiest ramparts at his will,
No barriers bar his progress as he roams
O'er all the earth his mission to fulfill.

We harbor this unwelcome phantom guest,
Who rudely severs all our fondest ties,
Removes us from the ones we love the best,
But opes for us the gates beyond the skies.

Then why rebel at Nature's wise command?
The mighty power of death can but control

Mortality within this transient land ;
It cannot reach the never-dying soul.

And yet the spirit shrinks this foe to meet,
Who rules supreme o'er all decaying life,
Because the outward temple, so complete,
Must rudely perish mid the final strife.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rejoice, oh ! sad soul, for the angels have taken
Your bright star of home to their beautiful sphere—
Removed from all pain, far beyond mortal anguish ;
She's passed through the valley—oh ! be of good cheer.

For soon we shall meet with the loved ones we cherish,
And clasp her again in a tender embrace ;
The parting is brief—she has gained Heaven's portal,
While we tread the lowlands of earth's dreary place.

Sweet spirit of beauty, endowed by her Maker
With gifts that no monarch can barter for gold,
A heart ever true, and a love strangely tender—
Rare buds which eternity's clime shall unfold.

Her place on the earth is now vacant ; her Father
Has called to his child, saying, " Come unto me,
Inherit thy rightful possessions, my daughter ;
From earth's heavy burdens henceforth you are free."

No chains of the mortal now fetter her pinions ;
In freedom her spirit has left earth's cold sod,
To bask in the beauties of life everlasting,
In realms of the angels prepared by our God.

TO OUR BROTHER J. W.

On his Fifty-Fifth Birthday.

Would you turn and behold all the years that are gone ?
Would you pause by each milestone of age,
And review all the scenes that the past can reveal,
From the first to the last well-filled page ?

Oh ! how varied the pictures that come with the years
That are traced on the walls of the soul !
Many sharp lines and shadows you fain would remove,
But, alas ! they're beyond your control.

But as time still rolls on and the milestones increase
In their number beyond fifty-five,
With the help of the angels who faithfully guard,
To attain lofty heights you will strive.

Many stars shall be added to your brilliant crown,
As still forward you earnestly go,

In the plain path of duty marked out from above,
Doing good to earth's children below.

Never falter, for know ye the end draweth nigh—
For earth life is at best but a span ;
A brief season of toil, a fierce battle with sin,
Is the heirloom allotted to man.

Then be firm in the right, never turn to look back
At the path over which you have trod,
But look up to the light and the love which is yours,
For they lead to the home of our God.

Oh ! that beautiful home, free from all mortal strife,
Where the rude winds of earth never blow,
Where the vile tongue of slander ne'er pierces the soul ;
It is placed safe beyond earthly wo.

You are building a temple with archways of pearl
Set in translucent prisms of light,
The high structure transparent, from base unto dome,
Where is waving a pennant of white.

And the roses that climb on the beautiful walls,
Filled with blossoms so varied in hue,
Send a delicate perfume throughout the abode,
While they glitter with diamonds of dew.

But we leave the fair realm of the future untold,
For its beauties we cannot unfurl ;
But your eyes shall behold and your soul know the joy,
When you pass through the gateway of pearl.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

Enchanting chords of harmony
May fall upon the ear,
And sweet, delightful melody,
In strains divinely clear,
Awaken joy beyond compare,
Within the human heart,
As skillfully the master-hand
Brings forth each varied part.

Some souls are filled with perfect bliss—
Held captive by its power,
Float outward on the magic tide,
Beneath love's charming bower,
Unmindful of the storms of life,
Or shadows that may rise,
For all is harmony and peace,
And cloudless are the skies.

And other souls are not enthralled
By music's magic charm ;
The symphonies within the heart
Lie covered with the calm
Of happy thoughts ; deep in the breast,
Below the upper tide,
They lie at rest in quiet peace
To heavenly truth allied.

Oh ! give to me the deeper strains,
With their unwritten part,
Whose music sweet we all may find
Down deep within the heart ;

Its cheering notes will oft awake
Undying strains sublime,
More sweet and charming as the hand
Sweeps o'er the strings of time.

The low sweet music of the heart,
Whose charm can never die,
Will pass with us beyond this life,
To brighter realms on high—
Will there increase and sweeter grow,
In every wondrous part ;
The heavenly chords I love the best—
The music of the heart.

GOOD-BY.

"Good-by" is often gayly said,
In happy mood or merry jest ;
And sometimes, too, 'tis hardly heard,
When breathed to those we love the best.

They are two dearly-cherished words ;
No others seem so much to tell
Of love and doubt, of hopes and fears—
Not even that sad word, farewell.

Sometimes we hear the gay adieu,
When joyous youths in friendship part,

Which is a pretty word of form,
But never reaches to the heart.

But when firm friends of many years,
Who're bound by love's undying tie,
Are forced to part, we always hear
The sweet, sad words, Good-by—Good-by !

I'm thinking when the end shall come,
And I am called to droop and die,
'Twould give me joy if I could say,
With my last breath, that sweet Good-by.

LIFE'S FOLLIES.

Life hath its follies ; silently they rise
Before us, hedging up our path ;
And who of all the countless millions hath
Not watched their rays in mute surprise—
The many varied forms of bright disguise
They wear, to lure their victims on
Into delusive pleasures? But anon
A voice distinct, with counsel wise,
Is heard ; the still small voice of conscience speaks
In warning tones the word, " Beware !"
And folly smiles in artless joy, the while
To charm with subtle power it seeks
The truly pure and noble to ensnare,
And with false glory to beguile.

TO MY HUSBAND.*

I am not dead, but passed from sight,
 Beyond material sense and sound—
 Beyond all pain and mortal strife,
 Where I eternal life have found ;
 The cord that binds us glitters bright ;
 It cannot sink in endless night.

The veil that hangs between our worlds
 Is nought to quickened spirit sight ;
 'Tis but a silvery, misty cloud,
 With scintillating rays of light,
 Through which I see and pass at will ;
 I love thee, and am with thee still.

I know the burdens of earth life
 Seem heavy with their weight of care—
 So heavy that the spirit cries :
 " 'Tis surely more than I can bear !"
 Know thou a brighter day draws near—
 Thy recompense awaits thee here.

*This was written in response to the following, by T. D. CURTIS:

TO MY WIFE.

Ah ! childlike we began to tread
 Together earth-life's weary way,
 And with a tender trust we shared
 Until that dark and mournful day,
 When death cut thro' with cruel knife
 The tie that made you here my wife.

Tho' cut in twain the earthly bond,
 And you have passed from sense and
 sight,
 I cannot feel that this is all,
 And I must sink in endless night—
 For something hints a future life,
 When you again will be my wife.

And sometimes in the silence soft
 I think I feel thy presence near;
 And sometimes too I stop and list,
 As if you whispered in my ear:
 " Grieve not; tho' dead to mortal strife,
 I am thy living, loving wife."

When most alone, the most I feel
 You know it all, and calmly wait
 To welcome me with smiling face,
 When I shall pass the misty gate,
 And there, thro' realms of endless life,
 You'll dwell with me—my angel wife.

Ah ! do not grieve for earthly woes—
'Tis but a span, a quick-drawn breath,
A short prelude, just in advance
Of Nature's song : " There is no death,
But endless harmony of life,"
Which makes me still thy loving wife.

The gentle whispers faintly heard,
As oft you list with bated breath,
Is my low voice, as earnestly
I murmur : " Love, there is no death,
But happy, blissful, endless life,
Where you shall clasp your Angel Wife."

A SONNET.

Help me, to rise above the ills, oh ! God,
That follow closely wheresoe'er I go—
The dark and frowning clouds that hang so low
Above the way o'er which my feet have trod,
And ever at my side the chastening rod !
No joy complete—my brightest treasures die ;
No lasting pleasure that can satisfy ;
But storm and blight the loveliest blossoms slay ;
More fleeting than the morning dews are they ;
I chase but phantoms, which elude my grasp
And mock my efforts with derisive sneer ;
'Tis thus I go o'er all life's weary way ;
I long to pass beyond the clouds and clasp
One lasting joy my yearning soul to cheer.

FLORABEL.

Silently the foe that conquers
Takes within his icy clasp
Treasures that we fondly cherish,
And removes them from our grasp,
Leaving but the crumbling casket,
Locked within a dreamless sleep,
Heeding not the tones of sorrow,
Or the loving hearts that weep.

Death seems cruel and relentless
When it takes the young and fair,
Deaf alike to fond entreaty,
And our broken-hearted prayer ;
Yet we know the Father reigneth,
And He doeth all things well,
Even when the fell destroyer
Claims the form of Florabel.

Spotless as the fragile lily,
Gemmed with pearls of crystal dew,
Cradled on the silvery water,
'Neath God's canopy of blue—
Innocent as loving angels
Which the hosts of Heaven swell,
E'en amid the scenes of earth-life,
Was our cherished Florabel.

Now the hand is made immortal
That swept lightly o'er the keys,
And the gentle eye of azure
God's eternal beauty sees ;

Limitless the field of progress,
Undisturbed by mortal strife,
Now unfolded to her vision,
In the realms of endless life.

All the skill her soul acquired,
While she tarried with us here,
Aids her on progression's pathway
In the higher, happier sphere;
For to me this life is only
A probation for the soul,
Strewn with care and fleeting fancies,
Where necessities control.

It is but a night of sorrow,
Clothed in frail mortality,
Waiting for the sure transition
Mantled in expectancy;
Yet, amid the darkened shadows,
Precious pearls we often find,
To reward the earnest searcher—
Priceless gems to bless mankind.

Treasures that will live forever,
Jewels to adorn the soul,
That will greet us in the region
Where the laws of love control;
Hands will not forget their cunning—
How they swept the strings below,
But will waken strains more perfect
Than the earth can ever know.

In the home of loving angels,
Will the thrilling music swell,
Aided by the spirit-fingers
Of our angel Florabel ;
She is free from mortal trammels
That were hers while here below—
Free and happy ! Then, oh ! grieve not ;
Trust, oh ! trust it may be so.

THE MOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Rugged and steep, the great Mountain of Life
Slowly and steadily upward we climb ;
Rest is unknown, constant turmoil and strife
Hang like a shroud o'er the annals of time.

I have toiled upward, and left far behind
Landmarks of age on the track of the years,
And I now stand on the crest, where I find
Sunshine and shadows, bright hopes and dark fears.

As I gazed upward and viewed the high crest,
'Where sweet delights seemed to wantonly play,
"There," said my soul, "will I find peaceful rest ;
Onward with courage, and make no delay."

Bright expectation was gilding the crown,
Casting its luminous rays far below,

Through the deep channels of wealth and renown—
Now at their ebb, then again at their flow.

But when I stand on the summit and see
All the dark shadows where rest was denied,
Thinking, at last, from the gloom I am free,
Lo ! I descend on the opposite side.

No more of climbing—that labor is o'er ;
Now I must tread, on the slippery descent,
Down in the shadows, the same as before,
Save expectation is changed for content.

Visions of splendor expectant have fled ;
No more the rays of ambition allure ;
Treasures immortal appear in their stead—
Jewels eternal that all may secure.

Outward I gaze o'er the billowy deep ;
Many white sails gleam above the clear wave,
Bearing worn toilers their harvest to reap,
Over the tide, just beyond the dark grave.

Swiftly we glide down the shadowy descent,
On toward the base, where we see the dark tide ;
There rests the gloom, but the shadows are rent
By the bright rays from eternity's side.

Down in the valley is anchored my boat ;
Yes, it is waiting to bear me away ;
Soon on the sea I shall silently float
Out to the realms of a limitless day.

BESSIE'S PRAYER.

Thoughtful Bessie's at the window,
With her sweet young childish face
Clouded, as she views the darkness ;
Anxious hours glide on apace ;
Shadows take the place of sunbeams,
Crystal dew of limpid light,
As with eager, ardent longing,
Bessie peers within the night.

Watching, waiting, listening, fearing,
Learning lessons hard to bear,
When, from out a heart o'erflowing,
Issued Bessie's earnest prayer :
" Holy Father, heavenly angels,
Ministers from realms above,
Lead my father's erring footsteps
Back to home and Bessie's love.

" Break the cords that bind his being—
Blackest curse of our fair land ;
Sweep away the tempter's power,
With thy strong almighty hand ;
May his blinded eyes be opened
To the serpent's baneful charm,
As it lurks within the goblet,
Closely coiled in deadly calm.

" Mother, from your home of beauty,
Do you see your child to-night—
Your poor little loving Bessie,
Without one clear ray of light?

Come to me, my angel mother,
Help my father's life to save
From the curses of the wine-cup,
From a drunkard's early grave."

See! a darker shadow falleth;
Other ears than God's have heard—
Listened with a heart repentant
To each earnest loving word;
"God has heard your prayer, my Bessie,
All the dangers I can see,
And I swear, to you and Heaven,
That I'll stand untrammelled—free."

WATER AND WINE.

In the home of a prince, on sideboard strangely carved,
Of quaintest and curious design,
Where the light streamed through windows of rose-
colored hue,
And goblets of crystal most fine;
Where the bright silver shone in the warm mellow light,
And prismatic colors were seen,
As they danced on the walls of light sea-green and gold,
With rose-colored figures between.

On the bright Persian carpet that covered the floor,
Were wrought, in light sea-green and red,
With their many fair tints, perfect rosebuds and vines,
That lay in their soft velvet bed;

And the pile, thick and deep, gave no sound on the air
To footfall that passed to and fro ;
While the soft rustling sound of the garments that trailed
O'er the vines and the rosebuds was low.

When a dainty white hand, decked with gems from the
east,

Placed two of these goblets aside,
From the rest of the crystal and silver that shone
On board that was curious and wide,
One she filled with rare wine, which was pure, old and
mild,

Its mate with fresh water and clear ;
There they stood, side by side, both the best of their
kind—

A story she chanced then to hear.

Said the goblet of wine to the glass at its side,

“ We'll tell of our lives in the past—

For we each have a tale of the many delights

We've known, and we'll tell them at last ;

We by chance have been placed side by side on the board,

And seldom that happens, you know ;

We'll improve the rare chance, ere we're parted again,

For each then our own way must go.

“ I can tell of bright scenes mid the splendor of kings,

Of homes of rare grandeur most bright,

Where I've reigned amid talent, and genius, and wit—

As chief, I was hailed with delight ;

I have caused in those scenes, with my stimulus strength,

My nectar so fine to the taste,

Men of honor and fame to grow merry and rude,
And lay many beauties in waste.

“For I’m strong ; I will yield unto none ; in the end,
I claim all of my followers—all ;
I am sought for by even the priests of the land,
Who too in my train gladly fall ;
I appear on the table of church and of state—
The high and the low I’ve enticed ;
And the godly of earth welcome me at their shrines—
I am drank as the blood of the Christ.

“Do you think you can boast of a life half as grand
As mine, which I’ve tried to portray—
How the rich and the learned, and the high and the wise,
All yield unto my potent sway ?”
“As for boasting,” then quoth the pure glass at its side,
“I never could see any cause ;
For I always have yielded to Nature’s demand,
And God’s most divine sovereign laws.

“I am fresh from the wonderful fountain of life,
And one of the many divine
And most potent constituents known on the earth,
That form Nature’s mighty design ;
I am here—was created through laws wisely made
By God, the great ruler of all,
Who foresaw from the first the great needs that would
come—
Could hear from the first Nature’s call.

“My great oceans and lakes, countless rivers and rills,
Combined, form a system most grand,

Giving life, giving strength, untold beauty o'er all
The length and the breadth of the land ;
I refresh all the green vegetation of earth,
I slake the fierce thirst of the beast
As he seeks my retreat mid the green fertile spots
On deserts and plains of the East.

" I am found mid the mountains, and forests, and plains,
I've lived since the world first began
To revolve on its axis, and God spake the words,
' 'Tis good—I will now create man ;'
You are drank as the blood of the Christ, you have said,
A symbol which all understand ;
I am here as a real and absolute part
That forms Nature's structure so grand."

The red wine was removed by the dainty white hand ;
The Prince had returned from the chase,
And had called for the glass which gave jubilant cheer—
He drank it with exquisite grace ;
And the clear crystal water was left on the board,
In goblet with monogrammed side,
Where the rose-light streamed in, mid the green and the
gold,
On carpet with varied tints dyed.

But the story was told, the fair listener had heard
Both tales—of the white and the red ;
" Give me water hereafter ; no more wine for me—
Not e'en as a symbol," she said ;

" Give me Nature's pure drink, which no evil sting holds,
For anguish it never will cause ;
It is given us pure from the fount of our God,
Through workings of sovereign laws."

THE THREE GRACES.

Oh ! Faith, thou patient, trusting grace,
Thou look'st beyond earth's shadowy place,
Far out across this troubled sea,
Into life's vast eternity.

Thou dost not cherish phantoms gray,
That hover round our darkened way,
But lifteth up thine eyes above,
In firm belief and heavenly love.

May we in faith forever gaze
To clear and happy sunny days ;
And may no jarring discord fret
The strings whose waking brings regret.

May Faith and Hope, the sisters bright,
Forever cheer with regnant light—
Dispel the clouds in which we grope,
The cheering graces, Faith and Hope.

Faith, Hope and Charity combined,
The sisters three, with arms entwined,

They hover round earth's children here,
With words of comfort, courage, cheer.

They light our pathway, as we go
Through shaded vales of weal and woe ;
Our God has given, from above,
The three sweet graces born of Love.

GENEVA.

Geneva sits in quiet grace,
And on her pure angelic face
Some secret sorrow we can trace,
That's her companion now ;
More beautiful our darling's eyes
Than bluest tinted summer skies,
And in whose depths there ever lies
A soul-bewitching charm.

But now some sorrow fills her heart,
And pleasure surely has no part—
For, see, the truant tear-drops start
From out the hidden depths ;
At length she sweetly murmurs low,
“ Yes, it is true I bade him go—
For angels know 'tis better so,
That we should meet no more.

“ But, oh ! my Donald, couldst thou know
The desolating pangs of wo

Now hidden in the depths below
This outer seeming calm,
The angry waves would surely roll
Above the structure of thy soul,
And bear away the firm control
That now with thee abides.

"But, no ; the secret I will hide
Till Nature shall our lives divide,
And one shall cross the river wide,
Into the life beyond."
Geneva raised her troubled eyes
And viewed the over-arching skies,
Then, to the God she glorifies,
Poured out her earnest prayer :

"My Father, calm the raging strife
That rudely comes into my life,
Which seemeth with destruction rife—
Oh ! bid the tumult cease ;
And when I gain the heavenly shore,
When earthly tribulation's o'er,
Will we not meet, to part no more,
The one on earth so dear ?

"Oh ! grant that I may clasp his hand
When I shall reach the Summer Land,
And life's great secrets understand,
That seem so hidden here !"
Geneva dropped her eyes of blue,
And, though her words were weak and few,
She knew that Donald would be true
Until the end of time.

She mused : " This earthly life is brief,
O'ershadowed all the way with grief,
And aching hearts find no relief,

Save in the thought of Heaven ;
'Tis better so ; the conflict's past ;
The victory I have won at last ;
Beneath the waves my fears I'll cast,
In dark oblivion's sea.

" Although my love can never die,
I will not breathe one bitter sigh,
But trust that, in the by-and-by,
We shall united be ;
I know each love will claim its own
Before the glorious Great White Throne,
And nevermore shall dwell alone
True hearts that beat as one.

LOOK UPWARD.

Look upward to the higher power,
And cast aside life's transient show—
The bubbles of the fleeting hour,
That flood the surface here below.

Look upward in the blushing morn,
And rise above the froth and foam,
Where brighter rays the path adorn
That leads unto our future home.

Ere care shall mar the marble brow,
Or age bedim the eagle eye,
Or cause the stalwart form to bow,
Or discontent to breathe a sigh.

Gaze far beyond the vapory mist,
Where azure skies are ever fair,
And mortal blight does not exist
To streak with white the raven hair.

Where time can never weave a shroud
Of dissolution or decay,
Where aching heads are never bowed,
But willing souls the laws obey.

Look upward ere your steps grow slow
In striving earthly joys to gain ;
Life's winning shams, with lurid glow,
Will hold a false and fleeting reign.

Old age soon dims the brightest eye;
No earthly power can stay the tide ;
The physical will surely die,
The spirit seek the other side.

Yes, from the mortal will depart
The soul that liveth through all time ;
The jewels treasured in the heart
Will live in God's eternal clime.

Heed not the lurid phantom lights
That float in poisonous gaseous air,
Amid the darkness of the night—
They'll surely lead to black despair.

But upward look, to Truth's white star ;
'Twill never lead your steps astray ;
Its light is shining from afar—
'Twill guide your footsteps all the way.

Look upward to the light divine,
And rise above earth's worthless dross,
Where everlasting treasures shine,
Although the storms your ship may toss.

'Twill pass ere long to calmer seas,
Beyond this shadowy vale of tears,
And glide amid the heavenly breeze
That's wafted from immortal spheres.

KNOWLEDGE.

Now the harbinger of morning
Gilds the eastern sky,
All the earth with gold adorning—
Lo ! the day is nigh.

Silently the light is stealing
O'er the silvery lakes ;
Knowledge is his fount unsealing,
As the world awakes.

Soon the leaden clouds of error
Will forever flee—
Drowned the mocking cries of terror
In the silent sea.

Bright shall glow the smouldering fires
Which the angels fan—
Ever strong their pure desires
For the good of man.

Fear not darkened superstition,
For its reign is o'er ;
Knowledge gains his true position—
King forevermore.

THE SINKING SHIP.

I am listening to the roaring
Of the fast approaching tempest ;
How it shakes my window lattice
With its weired and ghostlike hand !
Then goes rushing round the gables,
Madly tearing through the branches
Of the lordly oaks and maples
That as guards around me stand.

I have drawn the silken curtains,
To exclude the warring tumult
Of the elemental conflict
That is raging in its might,
As if all the imp's satanic
Held a carnival of discord,
Shrieking wildly in their madness,
To make hideous the night.

Oh ! the rolling and the splashing
Of the foaming troubled water !
How the spirits of commotion
 Seem to revel in their glee,
Dashing rudely on the boulders,
In an unrestrained endeavor
To absorb the rock-girt barriers
 In the boiling, bubbling sea.

Oh ! the sounds have grown terrific,
And the beauty that surrounds me,
As I pace with restless footsteps
 O'er the lilies on the floor
That are wrought among the mosses
In the carpet's velvet filling,
Seem to mock my fettered spirit
 With a force ne'er known before.

Every sound is strangely laden,
With a thousand dismal echoes ;
E'en the quick, incessant motion
 Of my wildly-throbbing heart
Seems to lend an added terror
To the forces in the conflict,
While at each successive moment
 Deeper tones discordant start.

Mellow lights are softly gleaming
Through the globes of tinted crystal,
Over many rare exotics
 Which found birth in tropic sands—
That the hand of love transplanted
To adorn the princely chamber

Built close beside the ocean
That extends to many lands.

By the mighty restless ocean,
Where to-night the demons revel,
Playing wildly with the vessels
That are struggling with the waves,
Tossing, as a helpless bubble,
Noble ships that ride at anchor,
Keeping them in their embraces
Till they sink in watery graves.

I will throw aside the curtains,
Fold away the gilded shutters—
For I cannot bear the picture
That my varied fancies form ;
I will penetrate the darkness
With my strangely-quicken'd vision,
And behold the ghostly phantoms
That are sporting in the storm.

Now another sound comes rolling
Mid the din of wild confusion ;
'Tis a minute-gun that's sounding
Its sad signal of distress ;
But the demons that are reveling
Take no heed of human anguish,
But with loud terrific moanings
The dark legions onward press.

Bright the glare of bursting rockets
That is mingled with the lightning,
And the signal guns are booming
With the thunder's awful roar ;

But distinct, amid the tumult,
The alarms are plainly telling
That the strife will soon be over—
She will sink to rise no more.

Oh ! the anguish of the hour,
When no human arm can rescue
From the jaws of fell destruction
Precious lives of those so dear ;
When we helpless, silent, witness,
In an agony of terror,
The unmerciful engulfing
Of the brave ones we would cheer.

God above, extend thy kindness,
In this darkened hour of peril ;
Bid, oh ! bid the reveling phantoms,
Each and all, to backward flee ;
Wave thy peaceful snowy pinions
O'er the scene of wild commotion ;
Still the angry troubled waters,
As thou didst at Galilee.

Are my earnest, frantic pleadings
Swallowed up amid the conflict ?
Will no angel kindly listen
To my agonizing prayer ?
Hasten on the wings of mercy
To the Father's loving presence,
Bearing hence my weak petition
For his kind paternal care.

Hark ! the guns have ceased their booming !
She is sinking—sinking—sinking !

I can see the masts go downward,
By the lightning's fitful light !
Silence reigns among the number
That are facing the hereafter,
For grim death hath clutched his victims—
She hath vanished from my sight !

Now the armies are retreating—
Falling backward in the contest ;
Are the loving angels hovering
O'er the angry ocean's frown,
Whispering, "Peace—be still, ye waters,
And deliver up your treasures,
For the Lord of hosts still reigneth
Where the noble ship went down.

"We will bear away the jewels
That belong to the immortal,
Far beyond the conquering forces
That with ruthless power assail,
And with tender love lead onward
To the home with many mansions,
Where the loved ones fondly waiting
Shout with joy, 'All hail !—all hail !' "

Now it is that death is conquered,
And the demons that assailed thee
Have no power henceforth to trouble ;
For you've gained a sweet release,
And the fury of the tempest,
As it sweeps the mighty ocean,
Can no longer mock your efforts ;
You have reached the port of Peace.

HOME.

How dear to our hearts is that one little word—
So small, but its import so vast !
It speaks to our hearts in clear tones that are heard
Distinct in the present and past.

How sweet, true and tender, no matter how far
We stray, as we thoughtlessly roam,
The rude storms of life cannot shadow or mar
The sweet, loving thoughts of our home.

Affection's rare plant, with its firm-growing roots,
Graces home with its garland of green,
And rootlets of love, with their fine little shoots,
Have woven their fibers between.

However so lonely or barren the place,
In which this world's lot may be cast,
'Tis always invested with beauty and grace,
And love that will live to the last.

A place of sweet freedom, of word and of thought,
A place we can feel is our own,
A place where affection's pure lessons are taught—
That dear, sacred place, our sweet home.

Home, dear upon earth, but still dearer by far
Is the home that is builded above ;
For death's shadowy stream over there cannot bar
Our presence from dear ones we love.

SILENT THOUGHT.

How wonderful the human mind,
That roams in freedom o'er the earth !
Invisible to mortal ken,
And yet within the haunts of men,
It reigns supreme, and earth has nought
To check the reign of silent thought.

The boon companion of the years,
Which follows closely by its side,
Is white-robed Memory's cheerful light ;
They travel backward, through the night,
Until they reach our childhood's morn,
When reason to our life was born.

The world seemed strange—the sky so blue,
With soft green carpets for our feet ;
The great bright sun, that moved along
So noiselessly ; the birds of song
That perched upon the maple bough ;
All life seemed far more strange than now.

Then I was taught that God, who dwelt
Beyond the sheeted blue, made all
The earth, and knew our every thought ;
And that pure angel beings sought
Our presence, bringing hope and cheer,
Although the mortal could not hear.

And often, when the sun would sink
Behind the glorious western hills,

And cast its beams of rosy red
Athwart my little trundle-bed,
All silently I knelt in prayer
To ask the Heavenly Father's care.

I wondered if the other world,
Where in the by-and-by we'd go—
That wondrous place, the angels' home,
Beyond our beautiful blue dome,
Was like the bright green earth of ours,
With singing birds and fragrant flowers.

They told me 'twas a silent borune,
From which no traveler could return—
When death's veiled Rubicon was passed,
The die forever would be cast,
And never could I come to earth,
The place that gave me mortal birth.

For only God and angels pure
Were e'er vouchsafed the path to tread;
But when my spirit was set free,
The glory of our God I'd see—
For I might tread the upward track,
But never could I journey back.

But, lo ! the rays from Reason's lamp
Begin to penetrate the gloom,
And tell me, in clear words of light,
No power can stay the spirit's flight;
If angels come, and know the way,
The spirits of our loved ones may.

Oh ! silent thought weaves golden chains
That link the seen with unseen worlds ;
Bright Reason casts her shining light
Into the mists of error's night,
While Knowledge mighty founts unseals,
And hidden mysteries reveals.

THE HOME THAT IS YET TO BE.

Oh ! I long to behold, with unclouded sight,
My home that is yet to be,
Where our beautiful dreams will not melt away,
Like bubbles upon the sea.

I would call from futurity visions clear,
And gaze with an eagle eye
At the scene where no sorrow is ever known,
In regions beyond the sky.

Where the loved ones are gone who were once our pride ;
They passed as a quick-drawn breath
From the scenes where we dwell to the life beyond
The veil which the world calls death.

I shall go from the earth as the setting sun
Shall leave busy haunts of men ;
But, beyond the dark shadows of Nature's night,
My sun will arise again.

But my friends, whom I leave, do not call me dead—
For oft will I hover near

The frail temples of clay that envelop the souls
Of those on the earth so dear.

When the angel of death shall unlock the door
And set my beloved free
That enchain me to earth, I will lead the way
Across the enchanted sea.

There are mansions eternal, where angels dwell,
Where souls are forever free ;
I will pilot you out to that beautiful land—
Your home that is yet to be.

THE CITY CELESTIAL.

There's a City Celestial, not far from our earth,
Which seers unmistakably see,
Where the streets, it is said, are all paved with pure gold ;
Of its wonderful grandeur they often have told,
And all in the story agree.

The vast structures that form the great city above,
Where angels of love ever dwell,
Far surpass all the temples of mortal design ;
For no language of earth can express the divine,
Or half the magnificence tell.

'Tis the home of the pure, who have lived on the earth,
And know of this life's troubled dream—
Have passed under the rod, were acquainted with grief,

But their spirits at last found a joyous relief,
Where harmony reigneth supreme.

In the City Celestial, no malice is known ;
No warfare—for Mammon is slain ;
And no jealous emotions, with cankering blight,
Can disturb the serenity, peace, and delight,
That ever hold absolute reign.

'Tis beyond the chill wind and the furious blast
That sweep o'er the surface below ;
We by faith can discern the grand avenue trace,
Just away in the depths of invisible space,
Where all of earth's children may go.

Do you wish to explore the great city above,
Where love holds superlative sway ?
Where the blossoms breathe praise in a language divine,
And the elements meet in God's perfect design,
And all Love's sweet mandate obey ?

There's a route that is golden—oh ! who will not go ?
From earth's cold and perishing sod,
Step aboard the safe train that will bear you away
To that beautiful clime, without blight or decay,
To bask in the glory of God.

Can we buy a through ticket to that happy land ?
And where does the agent reside ?
How much gold is demanded to purchase a fare
O'er this luminous road that extends through the air
From earth to Eternity's side ?

A small voice answers: "No—gold can never secure
A passage on life's golden route ;
And no credit is given—it is pay as you go ;
If you fail, you are left at some station where woe
Will meet you with harrowing doubt.

"The equivalent taken, that liquidates all
Demands from the Ruler on high,
Is unselfish good deeds, justice, purity, love,
And bright truth, whose clear rays flood the city above—
These take you where blossoms ne'er die.

A DREAM.

While resting in a passive state,
In undisturbed repose,
Striving to court the sprite of sleep,
My spirit sense arose,
Beyond the strife of mortal life,
Where souls in anguish weep.

I wandered in the field of light,
In ecstasy unknown,
Save in the glorious realms above—
And I was not alone !
Close by my side, in manly pride,
I saw my earthly love.

We roamed amid the purple sheen
Of velvet pansies fair ;
So like our own of mortal birth

Seemed blossoms, field and air,
I longed to say, "Oh ! let me stay
Where nothing speaks of dearth."

The crystal fountains sweetly sang
A joyous song of love ;
Symphonious music richly filled
The glorious realm above ;
In rapture wild, the earth-bound child
Drank from the dews distilled.

And radiant beings, pure and fair,
Were passing to and fro,
In robes more beautiful than brain
Has yet conceived below ;
Their garments bright were wrought of light,
Undimmed by spot or stain,

The music of their silvery tones,
Fell soft upon the ear ;
Their speech was in a cadence sweet
That souls rejoice to hear ;
Supremely grand is that fair land—
Perfect, sublime, complete.

I questioned, "Must I leave this realm,
To tread the paths of pain,
And battle with the ills of life
Upon the earth again ?
Oh ! must I go to scenes below,
And face the bitter strife?"

Then sweeter still arose the song
That reached to Heaven's high dome :

"Be thou content, oh ! mortal child,
For this shall be thy home ;
Do not repine at laws divine,
But be thou reconciled."

My soul then breathed an earnest prayer :

"Oh ! Father, speed the day
When I shall lay my burden down,
And thou shalt sweetly say,
'Thy task is done, the victory won,
Receive thy waiting crown.' "

The silver cord still bound me fast
To dissolution's clay,
Which drew me backward from the gleam
Of that most perfect day—
Back to the pain of earth again ;—
But was it all a dream ?

IN MEMORIAM.*

Frankie's earthly life is ended—
Upward has her spirit flown ;
But our All-Wise Heavenly Father
Has but justly claimed his own.

Precious little Pearl of beauty,
Gem too pure for mortal clime,

*FRANKIE PEARL SMITH passed to spirit life, at Escanaba, Mich., August 3, 1884, aged 4 years.

Fit companion for the angels,
In immortal realms sublime.

Do not grieve because her spirit
From the mortal casket fled ;
She has only gone before you—
Little Frankie is not dead.

She is safe among God's treasures,
Guarded by an angel band,
In the blissful realms of beauty,
In the glorious Summer Land.

She has passed beyond death's river,
Left this world of pain and strife,
And has gained the prize immortal,
Crowning gift, Eternal Life.

NATURE.

My realm is unbounded, unfathomed my laws ;
I dwell in each atom, the father of cause,
And reign with unquestioned, unlimited power
O'er all things created, for all is my dower.

I hold o'er my subjects unparalleled sway—
Supreme, undisturbed, in a sure silent way,
Pervade matter's province—all spirit control
Thro' earth, sea, and space, and the home of the soul.

The tone of my voice in the thunder is heard,
And sounds in the trill of the sweet singing bird—
In brooklets that mnrmur, and oceans that roar,
In melody's strains, and a million things more—
Revibrates in answer to deified laws,
Impelled by the All-Seeing Father of Cause.

I foster all growth with the greatest of care,
Protect every germ that is quick everywhere,
Infold them with wrappings most grand and unique,
Until the new life doth its elements seek.

I leap with the torrent adown the abyss,
Ascend with the spray the bright sunshine to kiss,
And weave with deft fingers a brilliant-hued bow
To span the dark water that surges below.

I moan in the tempest, and laugh in the shower—
Illumine each cloudlet, and paint every flower ;
I float with the zephyrs that herald the spring [sing.
Through sweet-scented groves, where the wild robins

And slowly my banners unfold to the breeze,
O'er shrub-covered mountains and tall forest trees,
Resplendant with rain-drops and diamond-like dew,
Unequaled in beauty of texture or hue.

The rays from my life-giving orb in the sky,
That shine through the gem-studded ether on high,
Thro' light fleecy clouds, when the fair day is done,
Blend rose-tints, and gold, and pale-blue, into one.

All beauty belongs to this wonderful realm—
The great ship of art has my hand at the helm ;

No master-piece painted, no grand works are wrought
That were not derived from my fountain of thought.

My pulses all beat with the great march of time ;
Each cycle in order, supremely sublime,
Rolls onward o'er harmony's jewel-paved track—
Forever moves onward, but never turns back.

The throbs from the action of Nature's great heart
New powers of advancement to mortals impart ;
Each cycle that swells the great sea of the years
Brings onward the sunlight that's blending the
spheres.

I breathe from the blossoms a delicate breath ;
I stamp matter's brow with the signet of death ;
And all the stern mandate must surely obey—
Fulfill their probation and sink to decay.

I cause seeming death with my blight and decay,
Give life to the rest from the portions I slay ;
And nothing is lost from the infinite whole,
As ceaselessly on in progression I roll.

My task is unending as time's ceaseless round ;
Although I'm a monarch with bright jewels crowned,
I work without ceasing—no respite is given
In earth's changing realm or the bright spheres of
Heaven.

Eternal my labor, eternal my reign ;
While God rules the universe I will remain ;
Thro' all the veiled future my presence will guide—
Unfailing, immortal, with Love for my bride.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Our journey on the earth begins with tears,
And often ends with doubtful anxious fears,
While all the way between the two extremes,
Are light and shadow, dim unreal dreams.

We journey on, in a bewildered way,
Without the knowledge of the coming day,
And face the stern realities that come
Before us, striking mortal senses dumb.

We gaze, amid the gathering shadows dark,
In earnest search for one Promethean spark
To guide our steps as we pursue our way—
The stolen spark from Heaven's eternal day.

The summer of our lives glides swiftly by,
The blossoms are matured and faded lie—
Have yielded all their freshness to the blast
Of autumn's chilling reign, which holds them fast.

The winter comes, but we do not awake,
Or one keen glance o'er this great journey take ;
We seem confused, uncertain of our way,
As steadily along the path we stray.

This life seems strange—no real joys appear ;
The pearls that we call joys have settings drear,
And o'er our pathway cast their shadows rife,
To shade the whole great journey of our life.

We sigh for sweet content and quiet rest,
But all the way the path is rough, at best ;

As on we travel o'er the way below,
We find some happy isles, but more of wo.

We pray that when the scales that veil our eyes
Shall fall, and we behold the heavenly skies,
Then all the barriers that confront us here
May flee away and leave our pathway clear.

MY SISTER.

Oh ! how often fond memory goes back to the bowers
Through which we have wandered in childhood's bright
hours,
When we rambled o'er fields, amid buttercups gay,
And picked strawberries red that we found on our way.

My loved sister and I gayly strolled, hand in hand,
O'er meadow and stream with a young joyous band
Of pure innocent hearts, who knew nought of the fears
That soon would arise in the path of the years.

She was gentle, forgiving, unselfish and kind,
And soon many fibers of love thickly twined
Close around our young hearts, in a tender embrace,
Which grew with the years in symmetrical grace.

In the circle of home we were seldom apart ;
We shared the same couch, and were pressed heart to
heart,
While the pure loving angels their quiet watch kept
Above our young heads, as we peacefully slept.

When we grew more mature, and the lessons of life
Began to assail, fraught with care's bitter strife,
Diverged were our paths, far apart have they run,
From the point where we both life's great journey begun.

But the love that encircled our hearts has grown bright ;
It is to our lives as the stars to the night ;
For its light has removed many shadows of doubt
That hedged each lone pathway so thickly about.

And as time still rolls on and the white threads of care
Begin to appear in our dark shining hair,
Our fond hearts are as young and as tender and true
As when we first roamed mid the daisies and dew.

Love's bright star ne'er will fail us, whatever betide ;
'Twill shine o'er death's stream, on eternity's side,
As a jewel of light in the kingdom above—
That sphere that is governed by goodness and love.

THE FIRE FIEND.

Oh ! how startling and appalling
Is the sudden fire-cry, calling
To the peaceful sleeping thousands,
At the silent midnight hour,
When the frightened watchmen sally
Through the street and dismal alley,
Shouting, " Fire !—in God's name, rally—
Save your lives, while yet you've power !"

Soon the quick, impatient clamor
Of the bells with iron hammer
The dread story is revealing,
 To the people far and near,
Rousing thousands from their dreaming,
To behold the Fire Fiend streaming
Upward with a lurid gleaming,
 Stealing what's to man most dear.

Issuing forth beyond controlling,
Clouds of dense smoke upward rolling,
While the flying, burning embers
 Fill the cinder-laden air ;
Engines o'er the pavement rattle,
Drowning mingled cries and prattle
Of the crowd, while brave hearts battle
 With the foe in silent prayer.

Fiercer grows the conflagration—
No abating, no cessation ;
Loud the Fiend, in wild derision,
 Bids defiance with a roar—
Seething, hissing, whirling, darting,
Massive structures melting, parting,
Then in fury swiftly starting
 Fiercer, wilder than before.

Oh ! the terror of the hour
When the fiery demon's power
Sweeps for miles the crowded city !
 Words can ne'er the horror tell
When, in triumph, he is wearing
All his brightest trappings, glaring

As if in defiance daring
All the powers of earth and hell.

Human beings faint, affrighted,
All their earthly prospects blighted,
As he belches forth his fury,
With his life-destroying breath—
As the flames mount higher, higher,
From the sea of raging fire,
Heralding the fiend's desire
To complete the work of death.

Quickly vanish beauties novel,
Mansions grand and filthy hovel—
All alike are laid in ruins
By the furious, ruthless foe,
As the demon hurries faster
On his errand of disaster,
Hissing, "Lo! my power is master,
And I lay your idols low."

With his forked tongue fiercely lapping
What his red sheets fail in wrapping,
Rolling over roof and steeple,
In his passage through the air,
Deaf to frightened victims calling,
With a voice distressed, appalling,
From the structures that are falling,
Or the wildly-spoken prayer.

Heeding not the infant's wailing,
Or the maiden's cheek that's paling,

As he wraps his lurid mantle
Round each yielding, helpless form,
And with mocking hiss embraces
All their sweet and heavenly graces,
Leaving of their lives no traces
On the pathway of the storm.

Quickly stilled are human moanings;
Suffocation quells the groanings;
All is silent, save the roaring
Of the demon of the flame,
Who, with wild, exultant bounding,
His victorious cry is sounding,
E'en survivors' sad prayers drowning,
Uttered in the Father's name.

Rushing onward through the city,
Without one faint gleam of pity,
Leaving thousands without shelter,
Or a place to call their home—
Left to battle with starvation,
Mid the scenes of desolation,
Left in utter consternation,
With no roof but heaven's blue dome.

Oh ! ye sons, who dwell in splendor,
Needful aid in kindness render—
Give unto your suffering brothers,
In so dread and dire an hour;
Lend assistance that effaces
From the charred and blackened places
All the horror-haunting traces
Of the Fire Fiend's ruthless power.

IN MEMORIAM.*

Beautiful buds and fair delicate flowers,
Childhood's sweet dreams and youth's fanciful hours;
Beautiful hopes, whose fruition seemed near,
Laden with sunshine the future to cheer;
Fountains of love under magic control,
Hidden within the pure depths of the soul.

Trammels were hers while she traveled below;
Cares with their trials, content's bitter foe,
Lurked in her pathway, unmindful of tears,
Which were bedewing the track of the years;
But, through the mist of the long, lonely night,
Hope's cheering star shed its clear silvery light.

Bright is the dawn of the new heavenly day;
All of the darkness has vanished for aye;
Set in the place of this cold world's renown,
Jewels immortal illumine her crown;
Now she is basking in Heaven's clear light,
Gracefully robed in pure garments of white.

She is above vexing turmoil and woe,
Where the chill breezes of earth never blow—
Free from the dark heavy mantle of care,
Robe that humanity ever must wear;
Death would not wait, or with tears be denied,
Claiming her beautiful form as his, bride.

Friends that now tarry in sorrow below,
Patiently wait, though the years travel slow;

*Mrs. ANNIE MORSE LAWTON passed to spirit life, at Milwaukee, Wis.,
October 1, 1884.

Time, the great weaver, will surely at last
Weave all the threads of this life in the past;
Then will the gate that now bars you swing wide—
Friends meet again on Eternity's side.

"Dust unto dust" are the words that were said,
As the clod fell on our beautiful dead;
Lovely in death, her inanimate clay,
That loving friends laid in sorrow away;
Fair fragile blossoms, oh! bloom, ever bloom!
Shed your sweet fragrance around Annie's tomb.

MY MOTHER.

My soul is sad, affection's fount is stirred—
The clouds of sorrow overspread the skies;
A white-winged letter brought to me the word
That in the sleep of death my mother lies.

And now my spirit scans the by-gone years;
I many acts of tenderness recall,
When her dear presence calmed my childish fears,
And shed a radiant halo over all.

Her gentle hand has cooled my fevered brow
When wrestling with the foe of dread disease,
As only loving mothers' hands know how,
To drive away the pain and give us ease.

No step so light, no tongue such comfort brings,
As hers who guarded us through baby years;

No voice so soothing, as she gently sings
Her low sweet lullaby, to dry our tears.

And now they tell me that her voice is still,
Her busy hands are lain in peaceful rest ;
Oh ! Father, may I bow unto thy will,
And say that all is well—Thou knowest best.

And while my heart with bitter grief is rent,
To know that death has claimed her form of clay,
I know the messenger our Father sent
Has borne her safely to the realm of day.

Oh ! gentle spirit, who hath known the sting
And bitterness that all of earth must know,
Come to thy children, and sweet comfort bring,
To smooth our pathway till to thee we go.

We know that soon the boatman pale will come
And we with him will ride the same dark tide—
His arrow strike our mortal senses dumb ;
But mother's waiting on the other side.

ANGEL VOICES.

Angel voices all around us—
Never are we quite alone ;
Listen, oh ! my dull ears, listen—
Catch the silvery undertone.

Angel forms are ever near us—
Look, oh ! blinded eyes, and see

Beings who have crossed the river—
Those who are from bondage free.

Dull are all our mortal senses,
Yet we know that on our head
Often rest, in benediction,
Hands of those we mourn as dead.

MOSES.

Where the rosy sunlight flushes
Crystal river, flags and rushes,
In the olden days historic,
When the earth was fair and new,
Were inscribed upon life's pages
Scenes surviving all the ages—
Stories of the ancient maidens
Who were loving, pure and true.

As we glance, through vapors misty,
Down the long and cloud-hung vista,
We can still discern a river,
And the flags that downward lean ;
Where, half-hidden in the splendor
Of the shoots so long and slender,
Is a basket formed of rushes,
'Neath a canopy of green.

And within a child is sleeping,
Noiseless sunbeams gently creeping
Through the greenery ; they brighten

All the lilies near the shore,
As their golden centers quiver
From the motion of the river,
As it flows in mighty grandeur,
With a low and muffled roar.

Beautiful each moulded feature
Of that weak and fragile creature,
Which contained a germ of power
That would shine o'er all life's way ;
Hands were white and frail and tender,
Little fingers quite as slender
As the stamens of the lilies,
And more beautiful than they.

Sounds upon the air were stealing,
Which a presence were revealing ;
From the cradle wrought of rushes
Came a melancholy wail,
As the Princess of the nation,
With her maids, sought recreation,
Wandered by the river's margin,
Listening to its wordless tale.

But above the roar of water
Did this favored high-born daughter
Hear the sound that floated outward
On the still and balmy air ;
Just as wordless was the story,
As it floated mid the glory
Of the lilies, flags and rushes,
As the river's ceaseless prayer.

But she understood its meaning,
And with tender pity leaning
O'er the little infant resting
In its rudely-fashioned bed,
Sweet compassion moved her being,
And, no kind protector seeing,
She resolved to claim and guard it—
"I will rear this child," she said.

Thus the infant was protected
From the fury that infected
All the land, and filled with wailing
Many happy homes of yore ;
He was saved to fill a mission,
In the reign of superstition,
And to write the laws eternal
That must rule forevermore.



EARTH-ECHOES.

ADELINE.

My lovely, beauteous Adeline,
Whose rich black tresses brightly shine,
And veil thee in a silken sheen—
My modest, dainty little queen.

Those deep and liquid tender eyes,
Whose long dark lashes slowly rise,
Revealing thoughts that through them shine—
My sweet and charming Adeline.

Thou too hast reached the border land ;
Thy inexperienced feet now stand
Upon the threshold of that state
Where thou must meet thy woman's fate.

Thy tender, loving virgin heart
Has also felt Love's silver dart,
And thou hast treasured it, my queen,
Although thy lips have silent been.

Thou art as pure as dews of night
That rest on waxen lilies white,
As sweet and modest as that flower,
With virtue's birthright for thy dower.

Thy maiden heart is true and mild,
Thy life is pure and undefiled ;
With nature meek, thou didst respond
To Love's low call, so deep and fond.

Thou needst not think that blush to hide ;
'Tis nought but modest maiden pride
That stirs thy gentle woman's soul—
Those roses red reveal the whole.

That well-feigned look of glad surprise,
That shines within those dusky eyes,
But still more plainly tells the tale
Those long dark lashes cannot veil.

My lovely, charming, dainty queen,
May Love's sweet, tender, silvery sheen
Its tendrils true around thee twine,
And brightly may thy future shine.

The paths of life are yet untried ;
May care and sorrow ne'er divide
That tender, loving, trusting heart
From that bright quivering silver dart.

But ever may thy life be fair,
Well guarded by Love's watchful care,
Whose silken cord will firmly twine
Around my beautiful Adeline.

COURTSHIP.

Of all the ships that sail the sea,
For beauty, grace or pleasure,
Court-ship's the craft that sails most free—
Always has ample leisure.

The passengers are ever gay,
And never fear the weather—
Both gay and brave, o'er all the way,
Sail smoothly on together.

We see on board the young and old—
All seek earth's dearest treasure ;
To have and keep, and firmly hold,
Would be their greatest pleasure.

The viands are abundant, there,
And nicely mixed with kisses ;
Those who partake fondly declare
They've gained the hight of blisses.

This ship is very old, I know,
But never dims in splendor ;
'Twill ever safely onward go—
Abundant pleasure render.

It drifts along upon life's sea,
Among good ships as noble,
But none that seem so light and free—
So little fraught with trouble.

For if the storm-clouds do arise,
She quickly seeks safe quarters,

And there remains until fair skies
Are seen, and placid waters.

Then on again she sails once more,
With other loves as tender—
As bright and happy as before,
Amid the golden splendor.

At last she lands her joyous freight,
And ends the charming journey
Within the happy, blissful state
Well known as Matrimony.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

Oh! I wonder, auntie—tell me,
For I think that you must know,
How that tiny little baby
Came to us, in all this snow!

And the wind was blowing dreadful
All the night, so papa said,
And I know 'twas storming awful
When the nurse put me to bed.

But, this morning, there I found it,
Snug and warm as it could be;
I slipped in there, just a minute,
To kiss mamma—don't you see?

Christmas day ! I've just been thinking—
And I know I've got it right—
Mamma got it in her stocking—
Santa brought it in last night !

But I really wonder, auntie—
Not a bit cold did it seem—
How he managed it so nicely,
With that flying reindeer team !

He is such a funny fellow,
Always bringing things so nice—
Large red apples, sweet and mellow,
And these little candy mice.

And he gave to me a dolly,
With such bright and shining eyes—
Always looks so nice and jolly,
Never scolds, or frets, or cries.

Well, I guess I'll go see baby,
For perhaps she's now awake ;
She is such a little lady,
Not a bit of noise to make.

* * * * *

Well, I've been to see the baby,
But she's sleeping all the day ;
I just think she's awful lazy—
Does not talk, or laugh, or play.

So I think I'll just tell Santa,
When he comes another day,
That I'll give him back this baby,
And take one that likes to play.

I'LL HANG THE BABY'S STOCKING.

To-night's the eve of Christmas—
It is the time, I know,
To hang up all the stockings—
For mamma told me so.

I'll hang up one of baby's
Here, close beside my own,
For this is her first Christmas;
Last year mine hung alone.

I know that Santa'll wonder,
It is so very small,
That such a little baby
Should know about his call.

But, then, she knows about it;
I told her all, you know—
Told all about her coming
To us a year ago.

Her tiny stocking, mamma,
I'm sure is very small;

I fear it isn't large enough
For anything at all.

What shall I do about it?
Perhaps I'd best take two;
One holds so very little—
Think you that two would do?

Well, I know how to do it;
I'll pin one little shoe
Fast to the tiny stocking—
For both, I think, will do.

I know she'll waken early,
To see the charming sight;
I told her to remember
This was the very night.

I know she understood me,
She looked so wise and good;
Yes, mamma, I am very sure
That baby understood.

I've hung mine close beside it,
For Santa'll come, I know;
He'll never disappoint us—
He does not mind the snow.

And early in the morning
You'll surely hear my call;
I'll say: "Good morning, mamma—
A merry Christmas, all."

MISS DINAH.

Yah, yah, yah—I say, Miss Dinah,
What yo' doin' dar, in de dark?
Don't I know yo's alers watchin',
For to cotch a darkey spark?

Well, I's heah, an' no mistakin',
If I wuz so mighty long
Comin' t'rough dat patch ob melons—
Dem yere vines am mighty strong!

Tangled all aroun' my ankles,
Keepin' me agin my will;
Couldn't find my way out, no how;
So I t'ought I'd jus' keep still.

More dan fine, dat patch ob melons;
Seeds as black as shiny eyes
Ob de little piccaninnies—
Ah! yo' t'inks I's drefful wise.

Well, yo' see, I couldn't help it;
Had to cut one right in two,
To git out de mighty tangle—
Didn't know what else to do.

But, I guess we'll change de subjec',
An' we'll go see Uncle Joe—
Kase he's got a dandy fiddle,
An' we'll dance de 'heel an' toe:

For I heered his voice a callin'
Ob de changes, loud an' long:

"Right sassay, go down de middle—
Dar, yo' darkey, don't go wrong !

"All aroun' dar, in a circle ;
Heel an' toe—don't go so fast ;
S'lute yo' partner—dat's de ticket ;
Let 'em stan' an' sassay past.

"Now, my cullud chil'm, balance ;
Yah, yah, yah—dat's pooty fine ;
Shake yo' heel, an' swing yo' partner
Half way roun', and form a line.

"Now go forwa'd all togedder ;
Forwa'd agi'n, yo' woolly crowd ;
Make less noise, my happy chil'm,
Kase I cannot call so loud.

"Now all promernade, yo' darkies ;
Ladies chain, and forwa'd two ;
Forwa'd ag'in, and den cross ober
Back to places—dat 'll do."

Yes, I heered his voice a callin',
An' it made my blood run high ;
So we'll hurry to his cabin,
An' we'll dance de racket fly.

Jine in, Dinah—mine yo' keep step ;
Yo' am graceful as de fawn ;
Dat's it—hi !—oh ! happy niggers !
Uncle Gabri'l, blow yo' hawn !

RUBY.

Whither, dainty little Ruby,
Flitting through the flowers so fair?
Art thou gathering golden sunbeams—
Shining splendors mid your hair?

Wouldst thou deck those wavy ringlets
With the beams of morning light—
Twine amid the clustering beauty
Gems of gold to daze the sight?

Art thou taking from the larkspur
Deeper tints of heavenly blue
For thine eyes, so bright and sparkling,
Glistening in their limpid dew?

Art thou borrowing from the roses
Tints to deck thy velvet cheeks?
Culling perfume from their fragrance,
Is it sweetness Ruby seeks?

Are the wax-like lilies purer
Than thy smooth and placid brow,
As the clear and radiant sunshine
Gently rests upon it now?

Life smiles brightly on thee, darling—
Not a cloud within thy sight,
Calm and limpid as the morning,
All aglow with rosy light.

May the dark clouds never gather,
To obscure those radiant beams;
May life's sorrows never shadow
Thy fond hopes and cherished dreams.

'MILKING THE COWS.

Through forest glade and valleys cool,
Where the babbling streamlets play—
Far onward through the pasture-land,
Where the lengthened shadows sway
Along the narrow winding path,
We can see the cattle go;
They slowly wend their way along,
While the sun is sinking low.

They seek the old barnyard's retreat,
Their new coats are fresh and clean;
We see old Brindle take the lead,
Just behind is Jersey Queen;
The next we see is Holstein Bess,
Then the prim, sleek Dairy Maid
Comes in their wake through narrow lane,
As they seek the great barn's shade.

And on they come, a score or more,
Ere the day gets very late;
The Pride of York, and Oxford Belle,
On they pass, beyond the gate,

Into the old familiar yard ;
There await the busy hands
That soon shall change the fresh new milk
From the udders to the pans.

Sweet rosy Nell, the farmer's pride,
With her blue eyes sparkling bright,
Comes tripping down the beaten path,
Her young heart serene and light ;
She swings her milking-pail in glee ;
Says, "A challenge, if you will—
Which one, think you, with foaming milk,
Will be first a pail to fill ?"

She spake these words in merry jest,
To a keen-eyed city man,
Who stood in careless idle grace
Near the path where Nelly ran ;
"A challenge, Miss—is that the word ?
I accept," she heard him say ;
"But the reward—what shall it be
For the one that wins the day ?"

"Whate'er you will," she gayly said,
"For you ne'er shall win the race !"
"Well, as you will," was his reply,
As he turned, with smiling face,
And grasped a pail that stood quite near,
And a milking-stool as well—
For every moment counted one ;
Quickly time the tale would tell.

The race began with lively zeal,
And the white foam quickly rose
In both the pails, and rosy Nell
Did not think or dare suppose
That city men, with snow-white hands,
Careless grace and ready vows,
Could hold the plow or bind the wheat,
Or that they could milk the cows.

Surprise was written on her face ;
She could not even dream
That she would lose the end she sought,
And that man secure the cream
Of that delightful merry joke,
Which now seemed to hold a charm
For him, as well as other things
Then connected with the farm.

But soon his pail was running o'er
With the foaming fluid white ;
"I've won the race," he gayly cried,
In a tone of great delight ;
Then Nell, with blushes, half-declared
That she knew he told a tale ;
Some thing was wrong and quite unfair—
He had never filled the pail.

And so it proved ; for merry jest,
He had seized one partly filled,
To prove that city men could milk,
And could win, too, if they willed ;

But Nellie's quick and searching eye
Soon detected unfair play ;
She only said, " We'll try again,
And at no far distant day."

" Well, as you will," again said he ;
" But the next race shall be fair ;
No jesting, but all things shall prove
That I work upon the square ;
When next I seek this charming spot,
Where I've learned so oft to stray,
I hope to win the prize once more,
And to take the cream away."

THE DARKEY MOTHER'S ADVICE.

Ephrum, what hab yo' been doin'
Ober in de brickya'd dar ?
Don't I tole yo', yo' young nigger,
Dat yo' mustn't nebber sw'ar?

Dar yo' wuz ag'in, yo' rascal,
Mixin' wid de low white trash ;
Alers git yo' mo'als ruptured ;
Come in, Ephrum, quicker'n flash.

H'ain't I alers been a prayin'
Up to God, de longsome day,

Askin' him to keep my Ephrum
In de straight an' narrow way?

H'ain't I tole him ob yo' goodness—
Dat yo' wuz as white as snow?
Dat yo' nebber steal de chick'ns,
An' alers to de chu'ch do go?

Now jus' s'pose he hear about it—
What yo' reck'n he would say?
Don't yo' s'pect he'd t'ink I's lyin',
When yo' carry on dis way?

Soliloquy.

But he'll nebber cotch me lyin',
Fur if he should come right here,
I would say, "Dis h'ain't de nigger
Dat I spoke ob in my prayer.

"Dis mean, sw'arin' little Ephrum,
Don't belong here anyway;
He hab only come to visit—
Bery sho't will be his stay."

Now I tole yo', yo' young 'possum,
Dat de co'ner's bery small
Dat yo'll fin' in Gabr'il's bosom
When de las' big trump shall call.

If yo' don't obey yo' mudder,
Nebber sw'ar or tell a lie,
De good Lo'd am alers lookin',
An' he'll cotch yo' on de sly.

THE OLD BACK DOOR.

My thoughts go back to childhood's hours,
When sister Liz and I
Would sit within the old back door
Near th' brook that babbled by ;
There we would talk of happiness
Within the future maze ;
How could we wait for womanhood,
In those dreaming halcyon days ?

There we would build our castles grand ;
In fancy, see the towers
That graced our lovely future homes,
The inwreathed cozy bowers,
The porches wide all ivy-twined,
Wide hall with marble floor,
Where we would dwell, as we then thought,
When we sat in the old back door.

Our hopes were high ; we did not fear
Or dream those castles grand
Would vanish, as the years rolled by,
And we'd seek a distant land,
To labor with unceasing zeal,
Bear cares ne'er known before,
As then we sat, with rosy cheeks,
Side by side in the old back door.

We've struggled hard with hidden griefs,
And many trials known,
Since those fair days, so far away,
In youth's bright, happy zone ;

We've learned that life has many reefs,
Unseen upon the shore,
Of which we two had never dreamed,
When we sat in the old back door.

And as to-day I sit and muse—
Live o'er the past again,
I ask, "Has earthly life more joy
Than it has of bitter pain?"
In youth's fair morn, we fondly dream
Of blessings then in store,
And build our castles high and grand,
As we did in the old back door.

JOSHUA PRINDLE'S COURTSHIP.

When Joshua a-courting went,
Miss Peggy's love to test,
He dressed himself with greatest care,
To look his very best;
He had a stunning hat in style,
And patent-leather boots,
While all the way between the two
Shone one of th' latest suits.

His hair was combed both flat and smooth,
With plenty of pomade;
His scant moustache was waxed and curled;
He great attention paid

To that part of his toilet fine,
For 'twas his pet and pride ;
Thought he, " Such beauty surely must
Secure a handsome bride."

Upon his hands were fancy kids,
The brightest ever seen ;
His necktie was the latest shade
Of lovely apple-green ;
The crowning glory of the whole,
Which could not fail to win
The heart and hand of any girl,
Was his new diamond pin.

He viewed himself from top to toe ;
Pray, do not think him vain,
If numerous little brilliant charms
Were dangling from his chain ;
He also had a rattan cane
He well knew how to swing ;
Of course, Miss Peggy'd surely think
That he was just the thing.

At last, his toilet was complete ;
He seemed quite satisfied,
And started off across the field,
To win his future bride ;
The day was fair, and soon he reached
The yard of Peggy Brown—
A modest, comely little lass
Who lived just out of town.

'Tis plain she was expecting Josh
To make an evening call ;
Therefore, she was prepared for what
She thought must come to all ;
She scanned the eastern porch and saw
Nice rocking-chairs for two,
And, taking one, she sat as prim
As ever she could do.

By chance, she glanced across the field,
And saw his form draw near ;
"What elegance !" she said aloud ;
"What makes me feel so queer ?
I am not frightened—no, not I ;
It surely is not that ;
But, really, I do feel quite strange—
My heart goes pit-a-pat !"

He's reached the porch ; "How do you do,
Miss Brown? You're looking sweet !"
"Oh ! nonsense! But, excuse me, sir ;
Pray, won't you have a seat
And rest yourself beside me, here ?
We'll talk about the weather !"
So, down he sat, and very soon
Their chairs drew close together.

Their chat was long ; bright plans were laid—
Of what we will not mention ;
But Joshua and those fine clothes
Claimed Peggy's full attention ;

The weighty question there was asked ;
Josh said he could not guess
What answer he was to receive,
But Peggy whispered, "Yes."

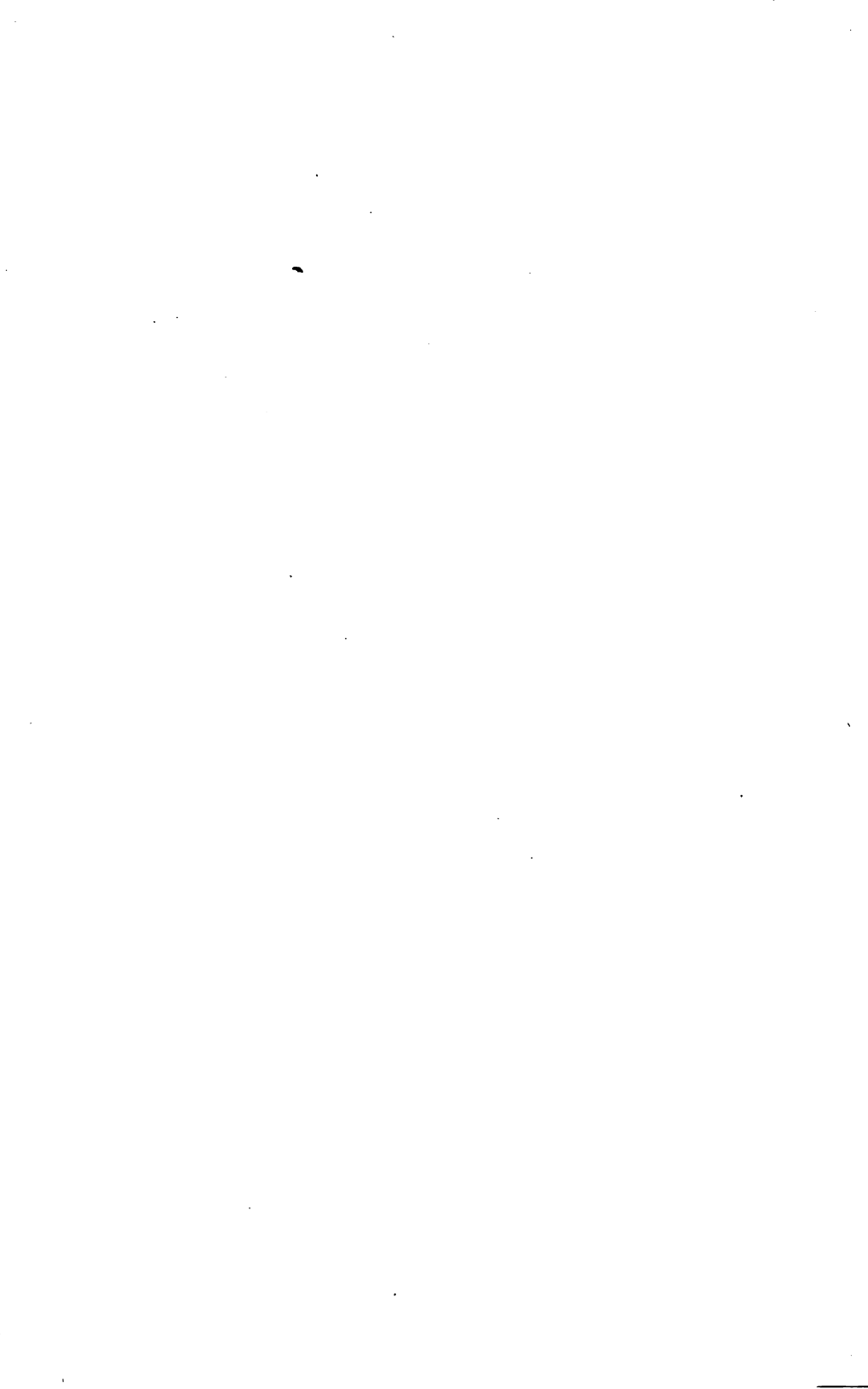
They had the matter all arranged
Before good-bys were spoken ;
The wedding day at length arrived,
With many a friendly token ;
Then Peggy Brown no more was seen,
But Mrs. Peggy Prindle,
And soon around their fireside dear
Small loves began to kindle.

He pets his moustache, as of old,
And swings his rattan slender ;
Yet he is ever running o'er
With greetings sweet and tender,
And says he knows no jealous cord
Their perfect love can fetter ;
For he is fully satisfied
The world holds nothing better.









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